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SIXPENCE.
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THE CONFIRMATION OF PRINCESS MARGARET OF CONNAUGHT IN THE PRIVATE CHAPEL, WINDSOR CASTLE, BY THE BISHOP OF WINCHESTER.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

Why does the House of Commons refuse to take away the lattice of the Ladies' Gallery? There is no argument in this obstinacy. Nobody pretends that if the visitors in the Gallery were visible to the House they would derange the public business. There is no lattice in the House of Lords, where peeresses sit in the Gallery in dazzling toilettes whenever a debate in the Lords appeals to the ear of fashion. On such occasions the presence of beauty has never been known to fire the eloquence of any ancient nobleman with the chivalry of youth. If a peer may contemplate a ravishing vision overhead without danger to the Constitution, why should this privilege be denied to a commoner? A few years ago a reforming First Commissioner of Works actually declared to the House of Commons that he was prepared to remove the lattice. The voice of reason was heard at last, but only for a moment. It was promptly quelled by the barbaric uproar of members who made the Oriental seclusion of the Ladies' Gallery a point of honour. Since then no Minister has had the courage to face that storm again. It is whispered by politicians who are deep in the mysteries of the Far Eastern question that the lattice is found very useful by the Foreign Office in negotiations with China. When the mandarins show unusual suspicion of our friendly intentions, the British Minister reminds them of our Chinese conservatism in hiding our women behind a grating. This is evidence of our practical sympathy with Oriental institutions, and helps our Government to counteract the diplomacy of Russia.

Whether women desire the suffrage is a question from which the boldest scribe may shrink. But it may be safe to ask whether they want that lattice to be taken away. Is it conceivable that if they had any strong feeling on this issue, they would not have carried their point long ago? A determined committee of the wives and daughters of our legislators would have made short work of that obstructive grille. But there has been no feminine agitation. The Ladies' Gallery is never mentioned in familiar indictments of the tyranny of man. Can it be that women have no particular desire to exhibit themselves to the gaze of the Commons? Would it be inconvenient very often for the wives and daughters to be seen by the husbands and papas? Dissimulation is supposed to be woman's peculiar gift; but although she may feign a wifely interest in her husband's anecdotes, could she feel sure of maintaining this decorous pretence right through his Parliamentary eloquence? Suppose she could not stifle a yawn in the middle of the speech! Suppose that in a frenzy of restlessness she walked out! Behind the lattice she need not even affect to listen, and can carry on a pleasant chat with a neighbour. This is freedom. With her husband's eye upon her as he made his best points, she would be a slave. Perhaps this explains the apathy of lovely woman when she is penned in a gallery where she cannot be seen of man.

It is lucky that journalism does not wear its honour upon its sword in every country. In Italy the criticism that a certain telegram in a newspaper was "fuller of lies than of words" has led to a fatal duel. In England such a statement would be peacefully dismissed as a picturesque exaggeration. Our journalists do not call one another out, even when they quarrel over the "split infinitive." Two well known dramatic critics have been differing lately on this interesting subject. One called the other a madman, and his opponent retorted with "dishonest ass." Some people may wonder why a question affecting a mere delicacy of the English language should excite so much temper. But there is no talk of bloodshed, nor even of an encounter with weapons supplied from the property-room of an obliging theatre. The actors who have watched the newspaper duel must feel a little disappointed. "Madman," "dishonest ass," and nobody run through the midriff! Here is a capital situation spoiling for a little cold steel! You can imagine the philosophic actor saying, "Well, the comedy is good enough as far as it goes. When they are not teaching us how to act, these excellent critics teach each other how to write! Their epithets, moreover, console us for divers bad notices. But it shows a sad lack of spirit to shirk the rapier or the broadsword. I would have stage-managed a fight for them with all the goodwill in the world. And what an opportunity for reciting in my best sardonic manner, 'Now, whether he kill Cassio, or Cassio him, or each do kill the other, every way makes my gain!'"

All this fuss about the "split infinitive" must be surprising to the magazine contributor who has been describing the sorrows of his class in the *National Review*. They have much to endure, "plenty to do and little to get," as Sam Weller would have said if he had been thinking of scribblers and not of soldiers; but they are not worried by style, nor even grammar. Their spokesman admits that now and then he comes across a pedantic editor who makes corrections in mere words, but as a rule he is allowed the full benefit of originality. In the *National Review*, for instance, he may be "oblivious to," and "perpetrate a literary gem." Imagine his wonder when he learns that two journalists have come to loggerheads over the "split

infinitive"! First he thanks Heaven that neither of them edits a magazine; then he offers up a fervent petition that this "split infinitive" may not haunt the editorial mind. Some evil-disposed persons have been setting forth lists of words and phrases which ought to be expunged even from newspapers. How can you tell that a magazine editor may not take the "split infinitive" between his teeth, so to speak, and bolt even from the contributor who is privileged to "perpetrate a literary gem"? At present, it seems, the best quality of this editor is his submission to importunity. If you keep on sending the rejected manuscript at judicious intervals he will publish it at last. But the "split infinitive" may rob him even of this grace!

Sir Francis Seymour Haden says he blushed over the questions put to him by the editor of "Who's Who." They "suggested vainglorious replies"; and though not "insensible to the approval of my fellow-men," he thinks that "self-laudation" ought to be left out of a biographical dictionary. But what is "self-laudation"? When the reader of "Who's Who" turns to "Haden, Sir Francis Seymour," he learns that this distinguished man is "fond of salmon-fishing when he can get it." Is there not a suspicion of vainglory here? It is as if Sir Francis were to say, "I am such a genius with a rod, don't you know, that the other fellows never let me fish when they can help it!" Again, Sir Francis has "no time for reading, except in bed." Is not this very like boasting either that he is the busiest of men, or that books are of no use to him except as ministers of slumber? Sir Francis says he does not object to the enumeration of "the degrees and distinctions a man had received, and possibly the books he had written and the services which he was known to have rendered to art, to science, or to the public." But is not vainglory the essence of such a recitation by the hero of these achievements? How can a strictly modest man set down his services to the public? That should be the task of others while he blushes furiously in the shade, and protests against his fame. But if modesty were a constant instead of a curiously intermittent virtue, there would be no "Who's Who."

If Mr. Edison should read Zola's new novel he ought to be stimulated by one remarkable passage. Guillaume Froment is an inventor of explosives, and he has discovered a powder of vastly greater force than any explosive agent hitherto known to the brotherhood of man. He has also invented a cannon which, when charged with this powder, will pulverise armies and cities in a few moments. It is Guillaume's dream to earn the everlasting gratitude of his countrymen by making a gift of this cannon to Paris, that she may effectually teach civilisation to the world; but he begins to have grave doubts of her present fitness for such an exalted mission. Does Mr. Edison think that any country, even the United States, can conscientiously claim this privilege? Or is he of opinion that America ought to have the cannon anyhow? It is quite clear that no nation can impress its idea of justice and enlightenment on mankind except by means of a weapon which no other nation will be able to face. This being the essence of practical politics, it is strange that a beneficent science has made such little progress comparatively since the invention of gunpowder. More than six centuries have passed, and we are no nearer a consolidation of Christendom than the hundred-ton gun! L. F. A.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

One day last week there was a somewhat heated discussion at the London School Board Offices on the subject of flogging. It appears that the Home Secretary recently forbade the flogging of lads in truant schools, for reasons which, in my opinion, do credit to both his heart and his mind. He contended that urchins who would study Nature in the fields rather than in books ought not to undergo bodily punishment for such an offence when they were sent to the disciplinary institution, and that if they stayed away from the latter as long as they could, they obeyed their natural instincts. He had no objection to flagellation for offences committed in the school itself, but the lad's first appearance there should not be marked, if he had any voice in the matter, by the ceremony of his being swished. The Industrial Schools Committee protested against the limitation of their powers, and proposed that the Board should ask for the re-establishment of the privileges originally granted to them in that way. Several members, among them Father Brown, whom I take to be a Catholic priest, supported the request; others unconditionally opposed it, on the ground that the birch was at all times brutalising. The matter was not decided when the meeting broke up, for the Industrial Schools' recommendation was sent back for further consideration.

I am not particularly fond of testing the merits or disadvantages of a question by submitting it to a vote, but I frankly confess that I should like to see the subject of flogging in schools settled once for all by means of a plébiscite. Of course, I am referring exclusively to English schools, but to all English schools, without distinction of caste, creed, or cost. I have not the remotest idea what

the result would be, for although I am not more stupid than the bulk of my fellow beings, my frequent attempts to get something approaching a general opinion on the matter have been throughout miserable failures. I am all the more interested in virtue of my lack of personal experience. All the schooling I have had in my life was contained in a stay of eighteen months at a private establishment at Aix-la-Chapelle, and our dear old tutor would as soon have thought of hanging us by our legs out of the window as lay hands on us.

Nevertheless, I have always felt that had it been otherwise I should have resented a flogging to the end of my days, provided I had lacked the strength to prevent it there and then. Nay, more, I once read a passage in the "Life and Correspondence of Charles Mathews the Elder" which set my heart throbbing with unmitigated delight. One of the masters at Merchant Taylors' School, where Mathews was educated, was so great an adept at the cane that on one occasion a boy, after having received a thrashing from him, stripped in order to show his fellow pupils the effect of the brute's cruelty. I am writing from memory, but I distinctly remember Mathews' statement that the lad's back was streaked with dark stripes like that of a zebra. After he had left the school, and before going to college, the young fellow came into the cloisters during play hours, went to that particular master's room, lured him outside, and horsewhipped him within an inch of his life. I fancy I should have done the same.

Nevertheless, it would be idle to deny that this is an exceptional case—I might say a phenomenally exceptional case from both points of view. There were not many masters of the past who imported systematic cruelty in the flagellations administered to their charges; there are fewer now. The woodcut of a work printed by Caxton, in which the schoolmaster holds a rod in his hand and the boy kneels before him, is little or no evidence; it is merely an allegorical design, although one may well doubt whether the master of a modern school would care to print a similar one on his prospectus. The same could be said of the seal of St. Olave's School dating from the latter part of the seventeenth century, on which the master is represented sitting in a high-backed chair at his desk, where there lies a book, the rod being conspicuously displayed and the expectant terror of it shown in the faces of the five urchins standing before him. There are many other seals of a like agreeable design, notably that of St. Saviour's; while an old Wykehamist once told me that there is a series of pictures on the walls of the great school illustrating the practice of flogging—*pour encourager les nouveaux venus*, I suppose, just as William the Conqueror knocked down Mathilda of Flanders at their first meeting in order to show her what footing they were to live upon.

Urquestionably there are thousands of Englishmen, fearless, honourable, and gentlemen in the best sense of the term, who look back upon the bodily castigation received at school without the least bitterness. There are, on the other hand, thousands of equally honourable and fearless men who would fain see the use of the rod abolished, who smart vicariously when their offspring has been switched, and who would, but for the distance and opportunity, administer a sound drubbing to the switcher. They think corporal punishment, under no matter what condition, degrading to the lad, unless it be administered by the one who has a natural right to castigate—namely, the parent; and I am inclined to agree with the latter section.

As long as the most famous school in England—I am referring to Eton—continues its tradition of flogging, there is little prospect of seeing the practice abolished in other schools, and the Eton authorities ought to set the example. It is not a question of bodily pain; it is a question of dignity for the boy. There is no one who will contend that our soldiers are less well-behaved since flogging in the Army was abolished. I am not going to discuss the flogging of criminals, albeit that there are two sides to that question, one of which sides would considerably surprise those who are under the impression that flogging has had a deterrent effect in the case of certain classes of crime. A boy does not become a Spartan for having been flogged a dozen times; he does not become a milksop for not having been flogged.

I have been told that a fellow, were he six feet, who would refuse to take his punishment even on his last day at Eton, could not take his official leave of his tutor or the Head Master, and would be considered as practically expelled. In illustration of the story my informant tells me of such a youngster who had actually got a commission in the cavalry, and was to join his regiment in ten days. He submitted to be switched rather than not have his name carved up in his tutor's house, or in the Upper School, and be debarred from calling upon his tutor or on the Head Master when visiting Eton. I am afraid I have no sympathy whatever with that young man. If I had had the prospect of wearing the Queen's uniform, I should not have minded the carving up of my name in the school at Eton; there would have been the chance of carving it with my sword elsewhere. But then I am not able to judge. I have never been at school.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

The Chinese loan contract with the Hong-Kong and Shanghai Bank, negotiated by Sir C. Macdonald, the British Ambassador, in consideration for the opening of the Yangtse-Kiang and other rivers of the interior of China to European commerce, and the extension of the Burma railway, was signed at Peking on the last day of February. But Russian influence threatens to defeat this beneficial transaction. Russia demands, for her own part, a perpetual lease of Port Arthur and Talien-Wan, with a railway through Manchuria, while she is intending greatly to augment her military forces in Eastern Siberia. Meantime, Germany seems to demand unlimited rights of occupation in the province of Shangtung, and France may claim some coveted advantages in Southern China. Japan assumes a warlike naval attitude. Trade and finance are much disturbed.

A ROYAL CONFIRMATION.

The private chapel at Windsor Castle was the scene of a simple yet impressive service on Saturday last, when Princess Margaret of Connaught, eldest daughter of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught, was confirmed by the Bishop of Winchester. The Queen, of course, was present at the service, and with her Majesty sat the Princess of Wales, Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Princess Henry of Battenberg, and Princess Victoria Eugénie, while on the other side of the chapel aisle were the Duchess of Connaught, with Prince Arthur and Princess Victoria Patricia of Connaught, Prince Christian, and Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein. The Duke of Connaught led his daughter to the altar steps, where she knelt to receive the solemn rite. The opening portion of the service was performed by the Rev. J. H. Ellison, Vicar of Windsor, and the Bishop of Winchester gave an address before performing the sacred office of the laying on of hands. Two hymns and Gounod's setting of the Lord's Prayer were sung by the choir of St. George's Chapel, Sir Walter Parratt playing the organ.

KLONDIKE.

The Canadian Dominion Government scheme for creating a railway route across its North-West Territories to the Klondike gold-field region is obstructed by a measure passed in the United States Congress forbidding the reduction of the Customs' dues at Wrangel, on the Stickeen river, in favour of the Canadian traffic, unless the Atlantic sea-coast fisheries on the Canadian shores be opened to fishermen belonging to the United States. It is thought likely that another route will therefore be chosen from Fort Simpson to Teslin Lake, at greater cost. There is a rumour of a territorial boundary dispute, and even of United States troops hauling down the British flag on the Chilkoot White Pass. Mr. Olney, the late American Secretary of State, has made a very friendly speech about England, which he declares to be the most natural friend of his own country.

THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

The London County Council has been remarkable for the indifference of at least half the electorate to the result of the polling. Exact numbers are difficult to get, on account of the duplication of votes; but out of an electorate of 567,000 no more than 283,000 went to the poll. The other half of London, however, made up for this inertness by the vigour with which they prepared for the contest, and the enthusiasm which fought it out. Watch-words were not so much said as screamed, and the cry "No Politics" was bandied backwards and forwards in strident tones of mingled persuasion and reproach. The results—complete on Friday, except from Central Hackney—showed that sixty-eight Progressives and forty-eight Moderates had been returned. Those figures give the Progressives a handsome majority of twenty, apart from any considerations as to the Aldermen, of whom ten retire from the incoming Council.

What will the new Council, composed as it is, do for London? That is a question which may be best answered by a reference to the programmes put forth by each party. In the first place the Progressive victory is interpreted in some quarters as an answer in the negative to the

proposal of Lord Salisbury for the splitting up of the municipal area into divisions, each one with its own mayor and council. The supremacy of the County Council itself, therefore, has been affirmed by the electorate; and the acquiescence of the voters has been accorded to the policy which favours the purchase of the water companies, the acquisition of tramways, and the continuation of the Works Department, whereby the County Council makes its own arrangements direct with the workman, and not through the agency of the middleman contractor.

SACRED ART IN A SCHOOL CHAPEL.

There was a large and distinguished gathering at Berkhamstead School last week for the dedication of two large paintings, the work and gift of Sir John Leslie, Bart., which were then unveiled in the chapel. The company included the Earl and Countess Brownlow, Countess Wharncliffe, Lady Hillingdon, Sir John and Lady Constance Leslie, the Hon. Mrs. Lyulph Stanley, Lady Susan Fortescue, and Sir E. Poynter, P.R.A. The pictures represent "Christ Healing the Sick" and "Christ Blessing Little Children." The colouring and grouping are most effective, and the whole pictures are instinct with



CHRIST HEALING THE SICK.



CHRIST BLESSING LITTLE CHILDREN.

PICTURES BY SIR JOHN LESLIE IN BERKHAMPSTEAD SCHOOL CHAPEL.

From Photographs by Newman, Berkhamstead.

artistic feeling. A number of other gifts were dedicated at the same time, among them a life-size statue of St. John the Baptist, on the west front, and the sermon was preached by Canon Scott Holland. The chapel, which was erected in 1895 at a cost of £5000, owes its origin to Dr. Fry, the head master of the school, who has every reason to be proud of the building.

THE MILITARY RACE-MEETING.

The Hon. Reginald Ward, of the Royal Horse Guards, must have felt a proud man on Saturday last when he completed a brilliant riding record at the Sandown Park Grand Military Meeting. On the Friday he had scored three times on his own horses—The Tramp, Free Fight, and Ulterior, and these victories he supplemented on the second day by steering Battlemount, The Tramp, and Romeo first past the post, thus accomplishing a record that has never been approached by any other gentleman rider. Even more successful was Swatton, the trainer, who took eight of the twelve races at the meeting. In a minor—and in two senses a major—degree, Major Onslow can also look back on the meeting with satisfaction, for he had the honour of riding the winners of the two chief events—the Grand Military Gold Cup and the Grand Military Steeplechase. County Council was the horse on which he secured the former, and it was a curious coincidence that an animal bearing such a name should have been successful on the day that the polls were declared of the L.C.C. election.

In the steeplechase on the Saturday, Major Onslow, on Melton Constable, was just one too many for Mr. Ward, on Cathal. The latter, however, ran more kindly than in his previous essay over the same course. The race for the Gold Cup was a pretty one, and finished strictly in accordance with the betting, County Council being favourite, with March Hare, who finished second in the race, next in demand. The Midshipmite, who has in previous years played a distinguished part at several military meetings, was in the field, but the old fellow was no good, and fell. In the end Major Onslow sent out County Council and won easily. Such a spectacle as was seen in the members' enclosure had not been witnessed on a racecourse all through the winter months.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"22A, CURZON STREET," AT THE GARRICK.

The new Garrick farce suffers from one cardinal weakness, a weakness that is wellnigh irremediable. "22A, Curzon Street," as Messrs. Brandon Thomas and John Edwards quaintly style their play, can boast a very humorous idea; but it is one that is only capable of affording half an hour's genuine amusement. Our playgoers, however, must have their orthodox three acts and their full two hours' "entertainment." And thus what might have proved a diverting comedietta is made, on expansion, rather a wearisome affair, eked out by repetitions of business and clumsy melodrama. The joint authors imagine a rich widow's town house fraudulently leased by her caretaker to an Irish baronet, and conceive the poor lady as also robbed of her jewels by an ex-convict, who is the caretaker's husband. The theft brings Mrs. Featherstone up to town at the very time when Sir Patrick, a suitor to her hand, is entering into possession. Each owner of the house, we are to suppose, regards the other as a visitor. In real life, of course, the moment the two parties met the murder would be out. But the Garrick playwrights prolong the agony throughout a needless third act, and fasten the jewels upon poor Sir Patrick. At length, with the confession of the criminals, the riddle is solved, but the authors take far too long over their solution. Some clever acting from Miss Fanny Brough (a lady gifted with emotional as well as comedy powers), and from those prime favourites, Miss Lottie Venne and Mr. Arthur Bourchier, deserves due acknowledgment, and may even yet save the play.

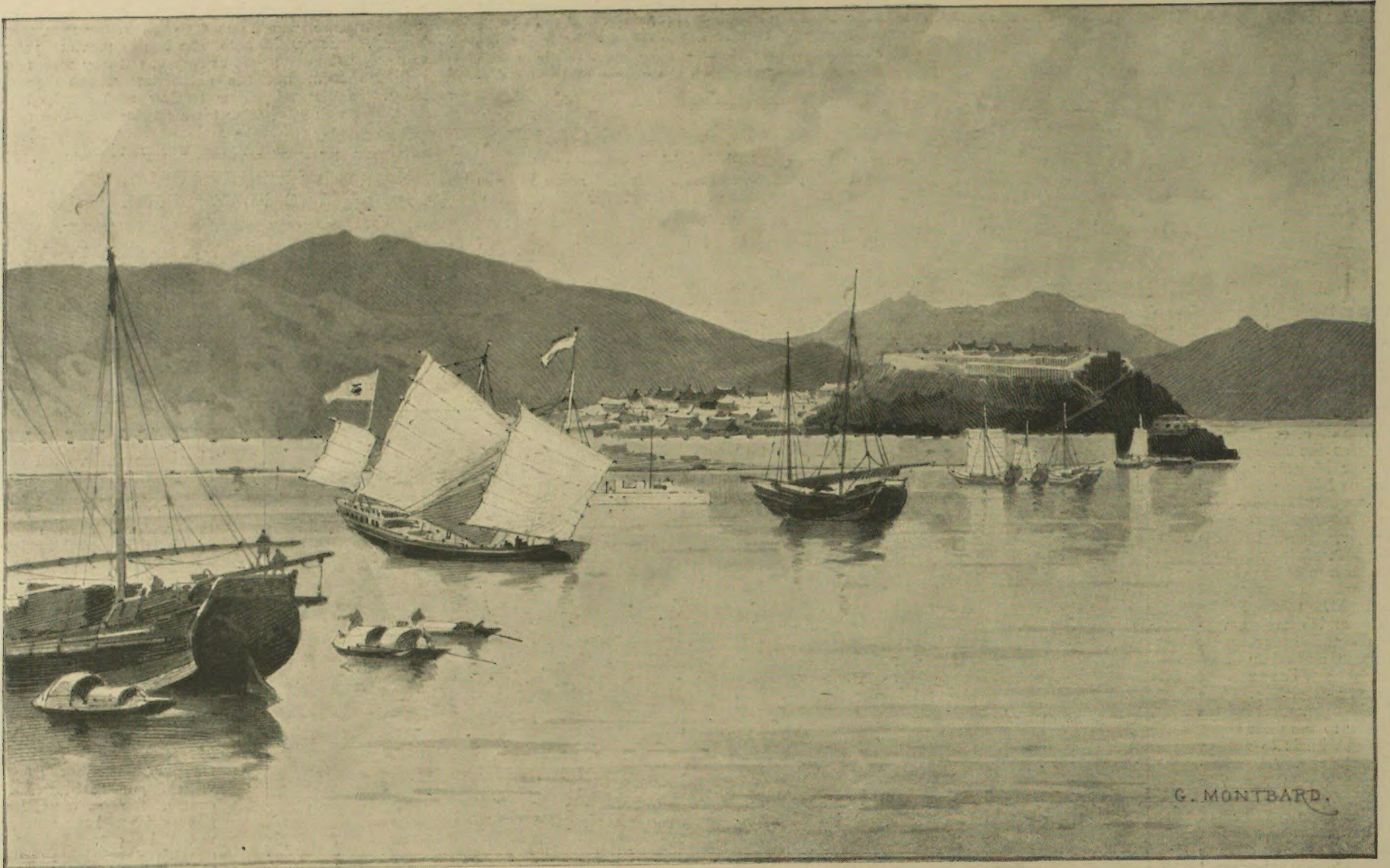
"THE SEA-FLOWER," AT THE COMEDY.

In the fiction beloved of servant-maids there are two constantly recurring figures, the shipwrecked child who is of gentle birth and has marks upon its linen, and the self-sacrificing hero who takes another man's crime upon his shoulders. Mr. Arthur Law combines these stock themes, and would have us regard them as fit elements of romance. His "Sea-Flower" is a baby-girl rescued from the ocean by honest Will Roper, a

Cornish fisherman, and a series of ludicrous coincidences establish her identity. When young April, who, despite her peasant surroundings, is still a "perfect lady," has reached the age of eighteen, she falls in love with the Squire's son, and she finds in a casual lodger at her adopted parent's cottage her own father. Captain Sherwood, fourteen years before, had pleaded guilty to a charge of cowardice really incurred by his junior, Lieutenant Trafford, and had done this out of love for the latter's wife. Now the Squire proves to be this identical Trafford, and with the harshness of his kind this gouty curmudgeon refuses to allow his son to marry a girl of no birth. Then Sherwood reveals himself, and the curish Trafford tells how his saviour was cashiered from the Army. Hence sadness and tears. But the villain conveniently dies, his son gains fame in the wars, a man-servant discloses the innocence and the nobility of Sherwood, and the curtain falls on two pairs of happy lovers. One or two really droll strokes of characterisation—notably in the case of the dear old fisherman and his Amazon-like sister—redeem the unabashed sentimentalism of this conventional trifle; but it is the interpretation alone which deserves serious consideration. The delicate art of Miss Lena Ashwell, the irresistible charm of Miss Eva Moore, the pretty love-making of Mr. Cosmo Stuart, the drollery of Mr. Arthur Playfair and Miss Gladys Homfrey; above all, the ripe humour and true pathos of that fine comedian, Mr. Charles Groves, these are the pleasant memories we carry away from "The Sea-Flower."

THE CHINESE QUESTION.

War-Junk Under Weigh. H.M.S. Hart.



TING-HAE, ISLAND OF CHUSAN.

FROM A SKETCH BY SURGEON T. T. JEANS, R.N., H.M.S. "IMMORTALITE."

This is the principal town of the Chusan Archipelago, the owners of which hold the key of the Yangtse River and its immensely fertile watershed. At the time this Drawing was made the "Centurion," "Immortalité," "Alacrity," "Algerine," "Hart," and "Handy" were at anchor in the bay. Just to the right and underneath the Joss House Hill are the graves of many officers and men of the 58th and other regiments who fell during the assaults on the town in 1840-41 or died during the occupation of the island by British forces for the next five years.



THE JAPANESE HEADQUARTERS AT WEI-HAI-WEI.



HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen has this week been suffering from indisposition, to the sincere regret of all her people; and her departure from Windsor Castle, upon her intended journey for a sojourn of one month on the south coast of France, which had been appointed for Wednesday, was therefore necessarily postponed.

Her Majesty held a Council on Monday, and "pricked" the list of Sheriffs. A Levée was held by the Duke of Connaught at St. James's Palace, March 2, on behalf of her Majesty.

His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales arrived at Cannes on Saturday morning. He was in Paris for two or three days, and on Thursday, March 3, as President of the British Commission for the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1900, visited the buildings under construction in the Champs Elysées and the commencement of the new bridge over the Seine, accompanied by the British Ambassador, Sir Edmund Monson, and some official personages. The Duke of York is at Abergeldie, for a few weeks' salmon-fishing in the Dee; the Duchess of York is at Mentone. The Prince of Wales laid the foundation-stone of the new jetty at Cannes on Thursday last.

The Grand Lodge of Freemasons has re-elected the Prince of Wales, for the twenty-fourth year consecutively, to be Grand Master of that Order in England.

The counting, at the Law Courts, of votes polled in the disputed election for the City of York showed equal numbers, 5643 for Lord Charles Beresford and Sir Christopher Furness, but a scrutiny of the votes may be demanded. Lord Charles Beresford, by virtue of the return upon his small majority at first apparent, has occupied his seat in the House of Commons.

Sir John Gorst, Vice-President of the Committee of the Privy Council on Education, received last week a deputation from the Women's Industrial Education Council asking that the age limit for the compulsory school attendance of children should be raised, and that children attending school should not be employed in working for wages. He observed that many working-class people were strongly opposed to this demand, but Government would make some inquiry.

In the Cape Colony Sir Alfred Milner, the Governor and High Commissioner, at the opening of the railway to Graaf Reinet, has made a speech cordially exhorting the Dutch and English in South Africa to cherish friendship with each other, and those of the Cape Colony to enjoy their ample constitutional freedoms with loyalty to the Queen, whose Government secures their safety from all foreign attack. To say that Great Britain wished to destroy the independence of the Transvaal was to say the reverse of the truth.

The Australian Federation scheme has made good progress, apparently, by the deliberations of the Ministers and delegates of the different colonies in their official Convention held at Melbourne. It has been resolved that the Federal capital shall be a new city, like Washington in the United States, to be erected in Federal territory, instead of being one of the existing capitals of those Colonies. It is to be optional whether the Federal Government shall take over the debts of each State Government.

His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., on March 3, being eighty-eight years of age, and entering the twenty-first year of his Pontificate at Rome, received at the Vatican the ceremonious congratulations of the Foreign Ambassadors or Ministers, and attended a special religious service in the Sistine Chapel. He delivered an address to the College of Cardinals in the Vatican Palace Throne-Room.

On the same day, King Humbert of Italy, at the Capitol of Rome, accompanied by his Queen, bore the chief part in an imposing national Italian demonstration to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of his grandfather's act, King Charles Albert, in 1848, granting constitutional liberties at Turin to his subjects in what was then styled the Kingdom of Sardinia, which included Piedmont. Addresses were presented by the Italian Senate and Chamber of Deputies and by the Municipal Syndic of

Rome. The King made a patriotic speech from the throne, erected in the Hall of the Capitol. He also laid the foundation-stone of a monument to Charles Albert.

The Emperor Francis Joseph has received the resignation of the Austrian Prime Minister, Baron Gautsch, who replaced Count Badeni in the attempt, hitherto not very successful, to effect a conciliatory settlement of disputes between the Czechs or Slavs and the Germans in Bohemia, Galicia, Moravia, and other provinces. The successor to Baron Gautsch now appointed is Count Thun, or Franz von Thun Hohenstein, who was Stadtholder of Bohemia from 1889 to 1896. Baron Banffy still continues Prime Minister of the Kingdom of Hungary, whose administrative and financial relations with the separate Government of the Imperial Austrian provinces have yet to be rearranged.

Very serious apprehensions of possible war between Spain and the United States of America, on the Cuban question, have arisen within the last few days. Nothing has been discovered to prove that the lamentable disaster to the United States war-ship *Maine*, in the harbour of Havana, was caused by any foul play; but the Spanish demand for the removal of General Lee, the Consul-General, though since withdrawn by the Government at Madrid, has been vehemently resented in America. President McKinley has asked Congress for a credit vote of ten millions sterling, which has been readily granted.

Colonel Lugard, appointed to command all the military

Tchad, the British claim of a protectorate of Sokoto and adjacent territories is undisputed; but we learn that troops of the Royal Niger Company set forth on Friday, from Lokoja, to aid the Sultan of Sokoto in repelling any unwarrantable trespass on his dominion. We give a portrait group of non-commissioned officers who sailed from England on Sunday last for the Niger.

From Berber, news of last Saturday informs us that General Sir Herbert Kitchener, Sirdar of the Khedive's army, has established his headquarters there; and his troops, Egyptian or Soudanese regular soldiery, with the British regiments, hold strong positions from that place to the Atbara. The division at Berber is commanded by Major-General Hunter; at Dabi Kar, ten miles from Berber, is General Gatacre, with the lately arrived British troops; next these, a little to the southward, is Lieutenant-Colonel Maxwell's Egyptian Brigade; at the junction of the Atbara with the Nile is General Lewes, with a strong force of infantry, artillery, and cavalry; and it is considered impossible for Osman Digna, the leader of the hostile Dervishes, to break through this line.

PARLIAMENT.

Lord Roberts has expounded to the House of Lords the "forward" policy for India in its most extreme form. In a very interesting speech, he contended that there would be no safety for the Indian frontier till it was co-terminous with the territories of the Ameer. All the passes were to

be held by the British, and all the tribes brought under direct control. This scheme might cost a great deal of money, but that, said Lord Roberts, was not his business. It is, however, the business of responsible administrators, and the Government made it quite plain that they had no intention of adopting Lord Roberts's advice. Lord Onslow, speaking for the India Office, was very plain on this point. It might be a fine ideal to subdue all the hill tribes and occupy all the passes, but India could not afford it. The Khyber Pass must be kept open, and every effort would be made to conciliate the tribes who have been in arms against us. Lord Onslow confirmed the story that many of the Afridis before taking the field had shown their confidence in the British by sending their women to Peshawar. The impression left by the debate is that the Government will pursue a middle course, and, while taking certain guarantees for the good behaviour of the

tribes, will endeavour to remove their suspicion that their autonomy is threatened, and will accompany this persuasion with liberal subsidies. In the Commons, after a somewhat academic debate, the Government accepted Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett's resolution that the "independence and integrity" of China must be maintained. By a stroke of irony, hard on this discussion came the news that Russia has virtually signified her resolve to appropriate Manchuria.

AMATEUR v. PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL.

The first annual match for possession of the "Sheriffs of London Charity Shield," presented by Mr. Sheriff Dewar, has been fixed to take place on March 19, between the probable League champions and the Corinthians. To commemorate the institution of the competition, Mr. Sheriff Dewar, who has already signalled his tenure of office by much public spirit, has also generously offered to present gold medals of appropriate design bearing the City arms to the members of the winning team, together with gold badges to the committee. Both badges and medals are the handiwork of her Majesty's Silversmiths, Messrs. Mappin and Webb, of Oxford Street and Queen Victoria Street. The contest is to take place at the Crystal Palace, and is already attracting a great deal of interest in the football world.

Corp. Sheely, R.H.A.

Sergt. Hill,
2nd Devon.Corp. Gale,
1st Leinster.Corp. Hubbard,
2nd Stafford.Sergt. M'Allister,
R.H.A.Sergt. Miles,
2nd Somerset.Corp. Symons,
2nd Devon.

Corp. Galpin, R.H.A.

Sergt.-Major Framjee,
R.H.A.

Sergt. Webb, R.A.

Sergt.-Major Bell, R.A.
(in Charge).

Sergt. Trivett, R.A.

Sergt. Hefferman, R.A.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS FOR WEST AFRICA.

Photograph by Ball, Regent Street.

forces of the British Government and of the Royal Niger Company in the West African colony of Lagos and its Hinterland or back country, left England on Saturday by the steamer *Benin*, from Liverpool. He will certainly have received from Lord Salisbury, as head of the Government and Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and not only from Mr. Chamberlain as Colonial Secretary, the fullest and clearest instructions that could be given to regulate his dealings, if any such occasion arise, with the French officers and agents of that nation, in whatever border territory or region of dubious extent and boundary he may chance to meet them. The French Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Hanotaux, speaking on Tuesday of last week, March 1, in reply to a question in the Chamber of Deputies, referred to the investigations and negotiations which are now actually going on in Paris by the labours of an International Commission whose proceedings have been kept strictly private. All we know, or can understand from any public discussions or explanations hitherto permitted on the part of responsible official persons, is that the chief matter of different views between the two Governments is the interpretation or application of a Convention made in 1890, concerning non-interference with the native tribes or their chiefs in the interior, to the west of the Lower Niger; that is to say, along the right bank of that river. The French seem to contend that the ninth degree of geographical latitude is the understood limit of the region assigned by that agreement to the British "sphere of influence," whereas the Royal Niger Company, supported by the British Government, claims that this region should extend due north of Lagos to Say, a place situated in the great bend of the river. On the left bank of the Niger, to the east as far as Lake



PERSONAL.

Sir George Russell, Bart., M.P., died on Monday, at his house in town, 16, Sloane Gardens, after a short illness. Born in 1828, he was educated at Eton and at Exeter College, Oxford, was called to the Bar at Lincoln's Inn, was Judge of a County Court circuit, and Recorder of Wokingham; and in 1883 succeeded his brother in the family baronetcy, the fourth of his line. Two years later he was returned to Parliament as Conservative member for the Wokingham Division, for which he has since sat, being twice unopposed at elections. In 1895 Sir George Russell became chairman of the South-Eastern Railway Company, a signal of the triumph of the "forward policy" which has made concessions to agricultural clients, run corridor-trains, improved the afternoon train service between Folkestone and Boulogne, and favoured the extension of the harbour at Folkestone. Sir George married in 1867 Constance, daughter of the late Lord Arthur Lennox, and is succeeded by his son, George Arthur Russell, born in 1868.

Sir Benjamin Alfred Dobson, Mayor of Bolton, whose death resulted from an attack of pneumonia, was one of the Jubilee Knights, and he had, on three previous occasions, held the highest civic office of his native town. Besides being a locally well-known member of the firm of Dobson and Barlow, machine-makers, he was the author of several useful works on cotton-spinning and engineering. He was a member of the executive of the Engineers' Federation; he wore a decoration bestowed upon him by the French Government; he served for nearly a quarter of a century in the municipal government of Bolton, and was interested in the drafting of a Borough Extension Bill at the time of his death. He was a local leader among the Conservatives, and a Lieutenant-Colonel of Volunteers.

Colonel George Bruce Malleon, who has died at his house in West Cromwell Road, was born in 1825, and was educated at Winchester. He entered the Indian Army in 1844, was appointed Sanitary Commissioner in Bengal in 1866, Controller of the Military Finance Department in 1868, and a year later guardian to the young Maharajah of Mysore. When that post came to an end Colonel Malleon, who had the Companionship of the Star of India, left the service and returned to England, where he became known as a diligent and able writer on Indian subjects, his histories of the French in India and of the Mutiny taking rank in their own department as classics. Colonel Malleon married in 1856 Marion, only daughter of Mr. G. W. Battye, the sister of three brothers who all gave their lives in defence of English interests in India.

Lord Holm-Patrick died somewhat suddenly on Sunday at Abbotstown House, Castleknock, County Dublin, at the age of fifty-seven, and almost before he had become familiar by the title bestowed upon him as a Jubilee honour. Better known as the Right Hon. Ian Trant Hamilton, he was a son of Mr. James Hans Hamilton, M.P. He was educated at Cambridge, and he married Lady Victoria Wellesley, sister of the third Duke of Hamilton. In 1863 he entered Parliament as Conservative member for County Dublin, retiring in 1885. He was also Lord Lieutenant of County Dublin, and, despite the cleavages of party, he won the general respect of his neighbours of all classes. He had a fair mind, and in his contributions to this or that object of charity he showed a breadth of sympathy not commonly found. The first Lord Holm-Patrick is succeeded by his son, the Hon. Hans Wellesley Hamilton, who is still a boy of only twelve years of age.

Miss Florence Eva Morgan, news of whose death from the plague has been sent home from India, was one of the most devoted and distinguished of the nurses who have gone out to the East during the course of the recent visitation. She died while in the discharge of her duty as Lady-Superintendent of the General Plague Hospital and nursing establishment in Bombay.

In the days of "Coningsby" and "The Young Duke"—the novels, and not the horses that have since borne their names—"Tattersall's" was quite as familiar and famous a name as it is now, as readers may gather from allusions made to it. The firm is, in fact, more than a hundred years old, and had for its founder Richard Tattersall, who came from Lancashire in search of work, and found it in the stables of the Duke of Kingston, brother of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. In that service he amassed money enough to buy from Lord Bolingbroke for two thousand five hundred guineas a celebrated racehorse named Highflyer. That was a great price in those days; but five

The Rev. William Eyre, a member of the Society of Jesus, died on Sunday evening, at an advanced age, at the house of the Jesuit Fathers in Mount Street, Grosvenor Square. Father Eyre was a member of an ancient Roman Catholic family, and his brother is the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Glasgow. Father Eyre served for some years as Rector of Stonyhurst College, in Lancashire; and the greater part of a large fortune he inherited was expended in the enlargement and rebuilding of that ancient academy, made very conspicuous during the Tichborne trial—the real Sir Roger having been among its alumni. Father Eyre, though not exactly a literary man himself, was particularly interested in books and in the promotion of reading among the members of his flock.

To the lamentably long list of British officers who have lost their lives in the campaign on the Indian Frontier must be added the name of Lieutenant Sydney Ives De Kantzow, of the Derbyshire Regiment. Lieutenant De Kantzow had not, it is true, the dying soldier's melancholy satisfaction of laying down his life in gallant fight, but it was while serving with his regiment at the front that he fell a victim to the enteric fever which brought his promising career to a close on Feb. 14. He was the only son of the late Major H. Ives De Kantzow, R.M.A.

The only redeeming detail in the rascality of Georgios Karditzis, one of the would-be assassins of the King of Greece, is supplied by his refusal to give up the name of his accomplice; but this touch of loyalty fortunately did not avail to shield so dangerous a member of society, and the younger man, Kyriakou, apparently a tool in the hands of Karditzis, was soon arrested. Karditzis showed a certain courage in trying to pass unconcernedly among the crowd outside the Cathedral while the very "Te Deum" for the King's escape was being chanted, but luckily he was already a sufficiently doubtful character to be suspected as soon as seen. His cowardly attempt on the King's life has had one good result, for it has raised a wave of popular enthusiasm for the royal family in Greece—and there has lately been room for enthusiasm of the kind.

An old Frenchman, aged seventy, named Eguillet, found dead with his head in a grate, proves to be the last kinsman of Madame Du Barry. He was the son of her niece, and with his death the whole estimable stock comes to an end. There is a characteristic touch of historical irony in this business. Du Barry's head fell into

the basket of the guillotine; Eguillet's head was found half burnt in the fireplace.

It is said that the Italian journalist who killed Signor Cavallotti in a duel will be rigorously prosecuted, together with the seconds on both sides. Like Germany, Italy has a severe law against duelling, but it has hitherto been a dead letter. According to this statute a duellist may be punished with imprisonment varying from three months to five years. The death of Signor Cavallotti has caused such a painful stir in Italy that the law is likely to be enforced by general consent. This will make duelling more illogical than ever, for the law becomes ridiculous if it is set in motion only when a dead duellist happened to be a very distinguished public man.

In France, on the other hand, the duel maintains its comparatively harmless reputation. Colonel Picquart has gone out with Colonel Henry and disabled him with a sword-thrust in the right elbow. What does the "honour of the French army" say to that? Will Colonel Picquart be challenged by every member of the General Staff in turn? It is significant that an officer who grossly insulted M. Trarieux, ex-Minister of Justice, has been let off with a perfunctory reprimand.



Photo Russell.

THE LATE REV. FATHER EYRE



Sketched by E. de Yordan, Athens.

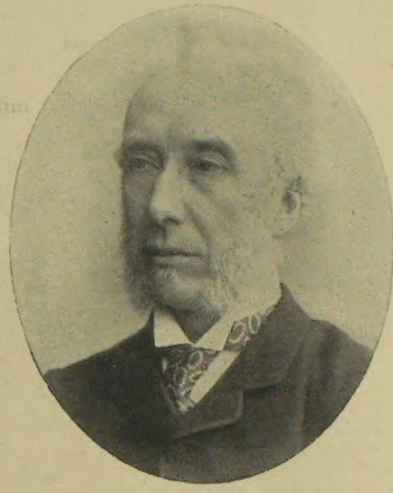
GEORGIOS KARDITZIS,
Who Fired on the King of Greece.

Photo Russell.

THE LATE SIR GEORGE RUSSELL.



Photo Fall, Baker St.

THE LATE MR. TATTERSALL.



Photo Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE MISS FLORENCE MORGAN.



THE LATE LIEUTENANT DE KANTZOW.



Photo Elliott and Fry.

THE LATE COLONEL MALLEON.

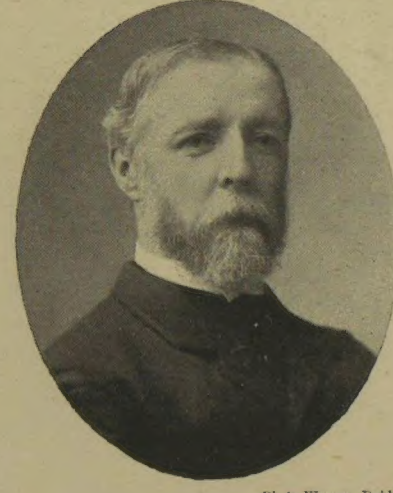


Photo Werner, Dublin.

THE LATE LORD HOLM-PATRICK.

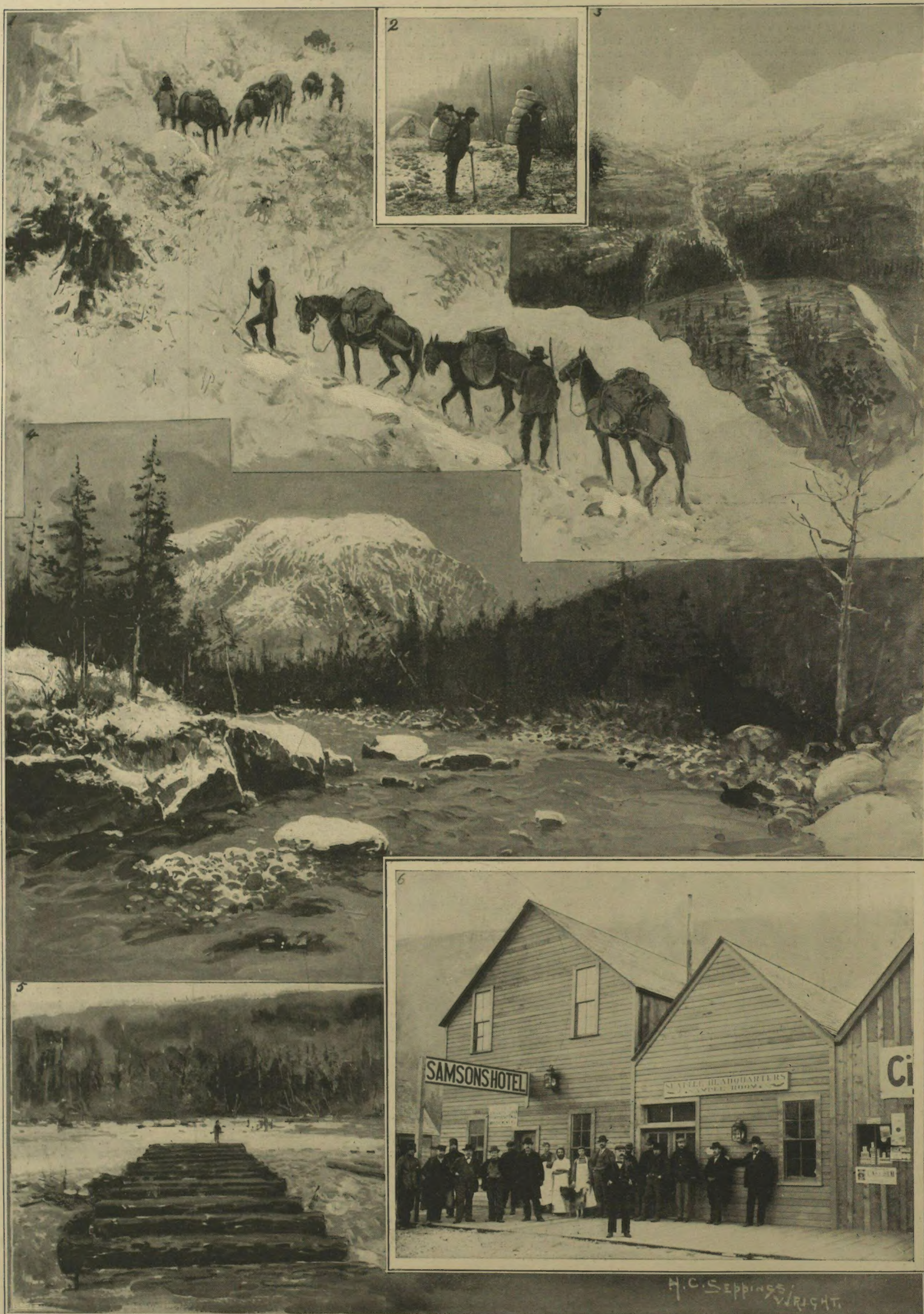


Photo Kay, Bolton.

THE LATE SIR B. A. DOBSON.

times the sum does not make a sensation to-day at the auction mart at Albert Gate. Richard Tattersall did so well out of Highflyer that he named after him the house he built in the Isle of Ely, where he was able to number among his guests men as notable as Mr. Windham and Charles James Fox.

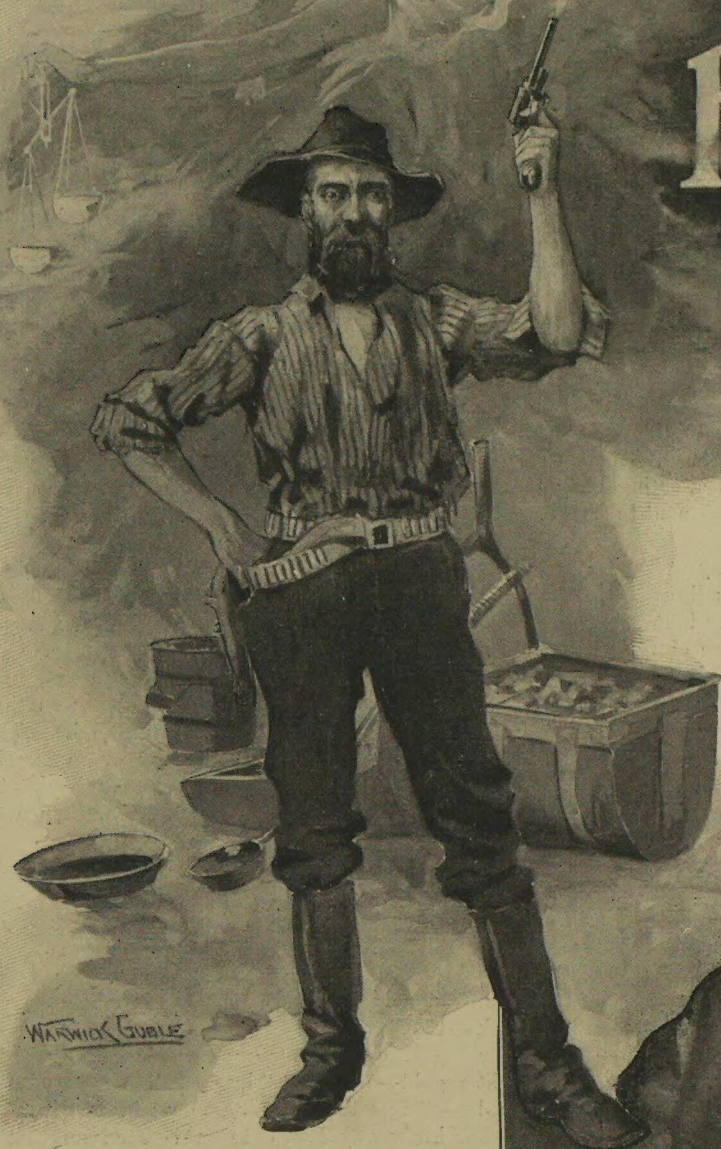
By the death of Mr. Edmund Tattersall, in his eighty-third year, a firm that has brought innumerable horses under the hammer, and has become almost a national institution, loses its head. "Tattersall's" is a term which needs no explanation wherever Englishmen interested in horse-racing, horse-breeding, or horse-buying, to say nothing of hounds, are gathered together. Mr. Edmund Tattersall was himself a genuine sportsman. He spent much of his youth on his father's farm at Wighton in Suffolk, and at the stud-farm of his uncles at Dawley in Bucks, and he knew Lord George Bentinck before that "English worthy" gave the "superb groan" described by Disraeli, and left the racecourse for the committee-rooms of the House of Commons. At his London residence, Coleherne Court, Mr. Tattersall had a wonderful collection of pictures and books bearing on the branches of sport with which his name and that of his firm are associated.



1. Near the Summit, Skagway Trail. 2. Packing Across White Pass. 3. Pitchfork Falls, from Skagway Pass. 4. Skagway River, from First Bridge. 5. Crossing the Skagway River: Temporary Work. 6. The Six-Months-Old Town of Skagway, now containing a Population of Three Thousand.

ON THE WAY TO KLONDIKE.

From Photographs by Colonel Donville.



How JUSTICE WORKS

BY ERNEST G HENHAM

ILLUSTRATED BY WARWICK GOBLE.

Montenoy was the all-too-common character of every gold-mine. Thriftless and idle, protected by the thin screen of hypocritical religion, albeit sharp for the main chance of gleaning remainders, he hung around the washings, talking, criticising, with sharp ears well open and eyes widely apart. Should a small particle of good dirt escape or a spark of gold glitter in the sun where the men had already passed, the Shark said nothing, yet craftily enriched himself for all that silence.

Stewart cast back his blunt remark without turning from labour, but Hudon smiled and worked in the dirt with brown deft fingers. "An' if we left the claim, who would be inside it?" he called. "Not Monsieur Montenoy, not him—no? *Voyez!* my frien' in idleness. How much?"

He brushed the nugget he had just gathered along a grimy shirt-sleeve, then raised it upward, until a warm sun-ray shot across it and turned it into fire. The

STEWART, the raw-boned Englander, a man concerning whom it was whispered that he had run away from trouble and a family on the old sod, and slim, deft Hudon from 'way down Red River side, were strangely associated mates—so said even the cosmopolitan shiftings of the mines who cared to think upon the thing at all. Yet the fact that the bluff islander and the dark-bearded, often taciturn Continental shared the same mountain-side dug-out, worked the same claim, messed and hoarded together and alike, remained unstirred by any such chance remarks, which were not many; men were too busy along the pine-crested canyon delving, sweating, washing, and storing aside dust from good seventy-five cent dirt in grimed buckskin bags, and weighing with faces drawn the result.

In that partnership trouble arose from the hurried verbal agreement that made it, for an understanding had been reached after a few quick syllables, when the two first came together on the tide of the inrush, and agreed to stake together, but not to share winnings. That was the essence of the unsigned deed, because the Englander considered that his strength and muscular activity were special gifts of nature for his own enrichment, while the breed rested confident—and the miner is the child of confidence—on his superior skill and keenness of vision. So each man was to retain his own findings and foot his own expenses. Under such understanding, matters progressed smoothly for a time on the Myrtle side drop that lies along the girdle of Green Mountain, in the full thick of the pines, moss swamps, and quartz of the British Columbian diggings.

For a time, but a short one only. In earlier days Hudon had set a slim finger on the map at an unprospected point near the great waterway of the Columbia, uttering a bold prediction that was now to be verified. For, as the men prospected along the ridge in the late fall, Hudon's small eyes detected the gleam of quartz. The news brought hundreds in a busy hum of excitement, development-work was carried on, a ledge was struck. During the few hours dirt-washing was suppressed, while the two men picked tiny pebbles from the soil with their knife-points, never speaking, though sweat dropped from the forehead of each.

"Ah, ah! You may dig," cried Montenoy, the Shark, seated at ease upon a rock-shoulder and chewing lazily. "And sweat," he continued, "for what God Almighty's hidden there. But the devil will spend for you. Ah, ah! The devil will spend."



"Ma foi! You make me surprise' when you come so walkin' through the air."

Shark said nothing; smiled only, though his small eyes glistened.

But at the end of a short period it became apparent to the breed that miner's luck had forsaken him. During a week his partner had averaged some three hundred dollars daily, while his own portion did not amount to fifty. He only pulled at his dark beard and muttered angrily, while the cold-blooded Englander worked on stolidly, making no open expression of either gratification or surprise at his own fortune. Once, indeed, Hudon questioned him jealously on his indifference, but the gruff reply came, "What's mine is my racket, boy"; he was accustomed to treat his partner with condescension. But later he added, "In my own land there's a question of honesty that concerns me—and there's a debt to pay, though you don't want to ask who contracted it." Hudon could not understand the meaning of a conscientious mind, so he wisely stifled speech with an exclamation of wonder.

It was on a Sunday that the climax came, a day when the ground steamed and was sticky with much over-night rain. The two worked on their claim in the morning, but presently Stewart swore with sudden violence, and wiped an arm slowly along his forehead; the breed understood that this was the sign of some fresh discovery, so, echoing the oath, he hurried across to the side of his partner, who had just extracted from its ancient bed a pure nugget, which lay and gleamed sullenly like a jagged fragment of golden flint in his palm.

Hudon's voluble tongue was checked by the wonder of the sight, though anger and envy grew and fostered within his heart. "*Mon Dieu!*" he gasped at length, "Here is a miracle of Heaven! It is solid, you say? Good gol' to the heart? *Par miracle!*"

The Englander smiled sourly. "I guess this about clears me," he muttered in his heavy manner, "this, along with the rest. From this day I'll be putting in my pocket." He wrapped his great fingers round the stone and moved away. "I'll strike work for this day, and lay my legs up for a bit. No fooling with my slice of the claim, see you, Louis. I'm for my own, and if I've struck it, why—dash it—it's mine, and for the lot I've left behind." Then he shuffled away in his long mud-caked boots and torn breeches; while Hudon slunk into a pine-bluff on the slope, and smoked on a bed of flowering moss until the sun began to drop.

That night the camp became suddenly animated with yellow lamps that swung and flickered, with red torches above, and below a chorus of vengeful voices that shouted angrily, while knives were unsheathed. For Stewart had been discovered unconscious inside the dug-out, bleeding from a ragged wound at the head. While Hudon had disappeared.

Action could not take place before daybreak, and by that time the wily breed would have placed many a mountain-ridge and long pine-bluff between himself and pursuit. The Englander, on being revived with hot corn whisky, muttered thickly the old tale of robbery with violence, while the miners, as bound by duty, swore to make search for the assaulter that they might mete out to him that rough camp justice which the exigencies of the place and their occupation demanded. There could be no doubt as to the identity of the criminal, so a proclamation was issued calling for the body, alive or dead, of Louis Hudon; and offering a reward—miners are lavish when nature's bank lies open before them—for the same.

Therefore, so soon as the grey light began to waver and break, a solitary mounted figure wound away from the waterway of the Columbia, and, over an hour in advance of other pursuers, commenced to follow up a barely destroyed track, which to the eyes of many must have been indiscernible. This was Monteno, the Shark. He mused as he passed along rapidly over the slimy stones and the dew-frosted patches of turf.

"Well, well, the devil must be paid; but he doesn't always get his dues—no, not always. Five years ago there was just such another case as this: that was in California, when the gold was thick. It was an old man, and he died, for the knife turned in too deep—but Monteno escaped. Yes, Monteno cheated the devil, and got right away with the bag of dirt. Now I go after Louis, for what I did 'way down in Californy he's going to start to do up here in Columbia. So I shall find him. Ah! experience is a fine thing. Then, when we meet, I shall amuse myself. There is the reward offered at the mines, and there is all that Louis is carrying. Ah, ah! We shall see how the balance drops."

He came upon an open space and sped along briskly, his keen glance noting each indication of footstep. Soon he came to a gloomy pine-bluff, choked up with rock. Here he stopped and turned the horse loose that it might roam back to the mines.

"I was on foot when I escaped down in Californy. Yes, and I let the horses pass me—Louis will do the same. I knew it would not do to try and go too far away, and Louis—yes, Louis is a bit clever himself. The rock is his only chance, for the ground is soaked with rain, and this dew shows up every mark. He's in here, some place—yes, somewhere here. He will do the same as I did. Now to mislead the other boys."

He stepped back quickly to the open, spread a trail of footprints, which he then partly destroyed for some distance, then clambered back to his starting-point over the

rocks. On this return journey he was careful to destroy the smallest mark of evidence that might put others upon his track.

"Somewhere here around—not two miles away. I shall find Louis before night." Then he let himself down the rugged face of a declivity to commence his real search.

The dew dried, the noon passed, but still he came upon no trace of the robber. The rattle and stamp of the horse hoofs had come and gone, with coarse shouts and oaths from the throats of many men he knew. Then silence settled again on the great piles of rock, where soft blue light waved and flickered; and yet search met with no reward.

The sun proclaimed the hour of three, when Monteno came to a narrow moss belt, which cut him off from a ridge of bush springing over the brow of a rugged rock-line ahead. This white sponge-like matter looked firm, so he made a bold step. The following second the moss vanished, while a sickly mass of viscid mud spouted upward in oily bubbles, and bathed his ankles in its black, heavy touch.

Half a dozen of such nauseous steps he made, with the odour of rotten vegetation round his head. Then he caught at the sticky bushes, dragged his sweating body to the rock, and made a quick, onward movement to escape. The flimsy screen of bush gave, his feet encountered air, and he fell, cursing and catching wildly at the loose stones, down the rough slope, until his breathless body was bruised and held at the side of the hollow by a couple of small pines, that, as a consequence of the shock, rained upon him a miniature storm of dried spines and green cones.

He waited until breath returned, then dragged his body to a sitting posture, but paused in the act with a muffled cry. For, sitting opposite, he beheld a slim man of refined appearance reclining at his ease and watching him with a slow smile of indifference.

"You come sudden," said this stranger. "Frightened? No, I shall not harm you, my friend."

He spoke in a thin piping voice, and the Shark started. Hudon? The eyes were his, but there resemblance ended. This man was neatly dressed in grey clothes that surely had never seen the mines; he was clean-shaven, while his hair looked to be grey-lined. Hudon had black hair, with flowing beard and moustache; this man had a good complexion with bright colour—the man he sought was sallow featured. This was merely some half-breed gentleman prospecting.

"*Ma foi!* You make me surprise' when you come 'so walkin' through the air. You look for gol'—eh? You fin' it with your head? *Bien!*" Monteno was scraping the foul mud from his leggings with a bunch of spines. He noted at once a suspicious point about this stranger—he was not smoking, neither was there in the hollow any trace of a fire. Obviously he feared the smell of smoke.

"Prospecting?" he asked sharply. Then, at a venture, "I sort of seem to have seen you before."

The stranger put back his head and laughed. For the moment Monteno was silent, then he laughed also, and with joy, because he knew that fate had been kind to him. The half-broken tooth at the top of the jaw revealed the stranger's identity to the keen-witted man-hunter.

"You see me?" said the breed, with a voice still disguised. "This is a ver' great land, where we meet, an' we part, an' we meet again. We come here for God's dirt, an' we call it money. Is it not so?"

"What's your name?" asked the Shark suddenly.

The stranger was still amused. "You ask my name? *Bien!* Shall we say Monsieur Un Tel? An' yours, *mon camarade?*"

The Shark leaned forward. "Monteno," he said sharply.

Which was a clever piece of acting. Monteno's idea was to show the other that he had penetrated the disguise. The keen-witted Hudon would infer that if he had remained unrecognized by his companion, the latter would not have thus given his true name—for Monteno bore a bad reputation, which was moreover widely known throughout British Columbian diggings from the Kootenays to Yukon River.

But the design failed. So he tried again. "You'll smoke, eh?"—pulling a bunch of black leaf-rolls from his hip-pocket.

"I will chew rather," returned the other. So Monteno had perforce—for fear of bringing the pursuers upon them—to do the same.

For some minutes their jaws moved silently, though the brain of each was busy. All the time Hudon wondered whether the Shark had come upon him in the capacity of friend or enemy; whether he had rightly guessed at his identity, and was merely holding him there until others came up; while Monteno reflected on the possibilities of the robber's hidden weapons, and held back because he was afraid to strike. Perhaps he should gain nothing by open antagonism, for the breed might well have concealed the gold.

Reflection was broken into by the robber, who rose and stretched himself, with the remark, "I will say *au revoir*, my friend. I go on my feet, as you say, an' I have far to go. *Bon voyage, Monsieur!*"

Monteno rose to the situation. He gave a sneaking laugh, then observed quietly, "Well, then, as we're both on foot, I reckon we'll track it together—eh, Louis?"

The half-breed only glanced at him coolly. "So, my idle friend. You have done ver' well. If you fin' gol', as you track, you will be soon *le mauvais riche*. I did not think you fin' me out so easy. *Bien!* But there was luck, my friend—yes, there was luck, Monsieur L'Escroc."

"Don't you shout," muttered the Shark angrily. "Mind in whose company I'm in."

"Ah! you are clever. *Mais!* tell me, how is my friend Stewart?"

"Alive, and getting right—half the camp are out after you."

"I do not kill—*jamais!* As for the rest, let them look. But they will not find. No—no. Hudon is too clever. An' now for you."

"That's so," said Monteno heartily. "How are you going to fix things up with me? I guess you know I want to help you to get off."

The breed read the shifting lines on the speaker's face, then spoke his thoughts aloud, "*Ma foi!* You are ver' generous. You would ask me for gol'—if I say no, you give me over to" (passing a hand lightly across his neck); "if I give you gol', you still give me over, that you may have more. *Eh, mon ami? Par cœur.* I know Monteno the Shark."

"You'll talk more'n's good for your health presently," said the other. "Some of the boys'll be round half an hour's time. My horse is hobbled out in yon clearing."

This might well have been true. The breed softly fingered the great nugget in his pocket, and gazed beyond, where the sun fell in golden patches on the seamed rocks. The afternoon was growing, and he wished to be away before dark. But Monteno was a formidable opponent because he was unscrupulous, also he was the best tracker in the country, therefore an encumbrance not easily to be shaken aside.

"Wherever I go, you fin' me. *Alois!* you will come with me—for one day, say?"

"Course I will," said the Shark quickly, "if your dirt's heavy enough."

Hudon smiled slowly, and drew forth the great golden stone. "You see me safe to the boundary, an' I give you this."

Monteno sprang towards him excitedly. "It's not gold—not gold?" he panted.

But the nugget was again hidden. "*Voyez!* You know why I rob Stewart? He foun' that while I fin'"—he shrugged his shoulders.

"God!" muttered the Shark. "See here, Louis, I'll take you safe across the line by a trail you'd never find; I'll draw the boys off your track; I'll do anything you like to say—for that."

"Good gol'," said the breed softly. "Eh, good gol'. But the devil spends, my friend. You shall come with me, an' then the gol' is yours." But his last words were mingled with a chuckle when he thought on the plan of his mind.

Cautiously they drew out together from the rock-heaped pine-bluff. So soon as they set foot on the turf, Monteno looked around, then swore. "The boys have been here," he muttered. "They've turned my horse loose. It's the reward they're after, Louis."

Hudon gave no direct reply to the mis-statement, but only raised a brown hand and pointed beyond, where the mist of sunlight spread in quivering folds. Along the slope of a defile, clearly outlined against the grey rock, rode half-a-dozen men in single file.

"Pete Rostro leads," said the keen-sighted breed. "An' Pete, he shoot without talkin'. *Voyez!* There—Rupe Shault! He got the eyes of the eagle—"

"Come away back!" cried the Shark, edging away into the shadow. "You blame' fool, they'll see you!"

But Hudon stood unmoved, until presently the band reined in abruptly, then wheeled round in their direction. The breed waved his arm carelessly above his head, but the next instant he was dragged back forcibly. "Reckon you're crazy, or is it suicide you're bent on? Glory! You were standing before rock, you fool. They saw us."

"Only me, my friend. They not see you. *Mais!* I fool them, an' I lead them the dance."

"It'll be the pine-tree dance for you if we don't track it darned quick," said the Shark, for already might be heard through the clear atmosphere the irregular thud of horse-hoofs upon turf.

"They only see me," repeated the half-breed with peculiar intonation. Then he turned to follow his guide.

Some ten minutes later the search party dashed up on sweating horses, and came to the rock before which the breed had taken up his stand. Rupe Shault's glance turned at once towards the ground for the sight of guiding tracks.

"Here they are, boys! Them's Hudon's marks!"

Monteno had discreetly kept to the rock, and his trail was not visible.

"By th' Almighty, we've got him fixed now, after sweating a day to waste," said Pete Rostro, the leader. "Tell you, boys, soon as the skunk shows draw and make him flop. We've no time to fool away huntin' and hangin'. See?"

Then they dismounted, hobbled the horses, and entered the bluff. One of the party had seen the man in grey ride

away from the Columbia under cover of the night, before Stewart had been discovered.

In the meantime the two men had regained the hollow, but there Hudon steadfastly refused to continue the flight. "I have a plan," he said. *Voyez!* We will escape by their horses, an' we will lay—what you call it?—a false track. *Bien!*" But Montenoy was practical; also he feared for his own neck, if taken in the robber's company; so he urged the breed to accompany him through the bluff northwards, where they might escape over the higher ridges of the mountains, and start south during the night. But Hudon would not be moved while the fascination of the great nugget remained, and held the Shark bound to his service.

"What are you going to do, anyhow?" he demanded. "The boys'll root us out of this hole in less than an hour. What then?"

"Wait, my frien', an' you shall see," came the reply.

For some little time they listened, but no sounds came down to their ears, other than the sharp whirr of an occasional locust, or the mournful cry of a wandering crow over the hills. Mosquitoes began to grow thicker, while the stench of the moss swamp above became more pronounced as evening came on. But, after a while, there arose towards the south-west a subdued cry.

"*Par bonheur!*" muttered the breed. "Now, my frien', we must make speed. I have to change clothes with you; *royez-vous?*"

"What's this racket?" asked the Shark suspiciously.

"*Alors* I go roun' an' watch them, but not in my clothes, for they may have seen me. Then, when I fin' where they are, I come back, we go out together, an' we take their horses. *C'est facile.*"

"And then you won't come back. That's your monkey trick, eh?"

"I come back, I swear it. I must, for you track me an' tell the others. *Alors*, I know not the land to the south, where you will lead me. Then I give you the gol'."

Sulkily Montenoy divested himself of long boots, flannel shirt, and wide-rimmed hat, all of which articles the half-breed rapidly assumed. Then Hudon slipped out of the hollow, to return quarter of an hour later, dirt-marked, sweating, and excited.

"Come, my frien'. The way is open. I fin' them all—Pete Rostro, Rupe Shault, an' the others. They follow up our old marks. Now we go an' take their horses. *Alors*, ride à liberté. *Bien!* You wear my clothes, an' you look well. *Mais!* You look almost like me. Come, now, there is no time for changin' again. We must go, my frien', an' we must ride à grande vitesse. *Vite! Vite!*"

The Shark became imbued with the other's excitement. "Which way?" he said.

The breed made some rapid pointing gestures. "Roun' the swamp," he said, with hand held to the south. "The boys are makin' east way, an' the horses stan' outside."

They climbed forth over the rocks, and then the breed exclaimed softly—"We go straight now—to the open. There is none, not this side of the bluff."

After speaking, he slipped behind his companion, while they half ran together over the difficult surface, without thought of concealment.

But no great distance had been traversed when voices came up—subdued voices of men in anger—on the opposite

His own name was never uttered. A shout of triumph arose from half-a-dozen throats when the avengers saw the man in grey—the robber they had sought since early morning. Three revolvers cracked forth death. Pete Rostro was the first to shoot, while each bullet came true to its mark. Justice for the cowardly murder 'way down in the Californian diggings five years before.

Outside that bluff five horses had been cast loose, and roamed back to the camp on the Columbia; on the sixth rode Hudon to the south, with the stolen gold beneath Montenoy's borrowed mining shirt, and the satisfaction of success at his heart; while Stewart, the Englander, was left behind to dig and toil still for the necessary gold to pay that outstanding debt in the old land.

THE END.

BOOK-PRICES.

The Academy lately discovered a bookseller "of good standing" who attributes the present parlous state of the second-hand book-trade to the annual publication of *Book-Prices Current*. We are sorry for the trade, but we sincerely hope, none the less, that Mr. J. H. Slater will continue his admirable and highly valuable yearly *résumé* (Elliot Stock), for, to the book-collector, it means just the difference between order and chaos. The new volume, which comprises the sales held in London from December 1896 to November 1897, is by far the most carefully edited and valuable of the whole series of eleven volumes. It includes the first portion of the Ashburnham Library, which would give distinction to any year's sales, and the rarities in this magnificent collection are of such a character that "Book-Prices Current" for 1897 must soon be at as high a premium as the earlier volumes. From a tabular statement in the Introduction we learn that whereas in 1894 51,108 lots realised

a total of £72,472, last year the number of lots only amounted to 37,358, but produced the enormous total of £100,259. This result is due not exclusively to the Ashburnham sale, but to the greatly enhanced prices paid for every class of rare editions. The lesson taught by the sales of the last few years is an ample vindication of the book-buying tastes of Heber, Corser, and other collectors of the same genre. They acquired everything they could lay hold of in the way of first and early editions of the authors of the sixteenth and early seventeenth centuries, and were regarded as mad by bibliophiles of the day, who considered the editions of the classics as the Alpha and Omega of book-collecting. Tastes have changed during the past three quarters of a century; the classics are nowhere, and the Heber Library would probably now bring five times the amount which it realised. W. R.



Three revolvers cracked forth death. Each bullet came true to its mark.

side of a long, slate-coloured ledge, and the Shark paused in affright, because he remembered how he was clad, and he recognised the speakers: could, indeed, have called each one by name. Was it possible that they had worked round to this side already? They were coming up the ledge—he could hear the scraping of their long boots upon the rock.

So Montenoy turned with an oath. "Louis, we're walking right into them!" But the words died on his lips when there only met his gaze the splintered rock piles and slender pine columns. For the half-breed had disappeared.

A head appeared above the rugged ledge, and he cried aloud when he recognised Pete Rostro, who shot quickly and talked at leisure. "God, Pete!" he yelled. "Don't let fly. I'm—"

NEW MEMBERS OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.



Photo Bullingham, South Kensington.
LORD WOLVERTON (M.), FULHAM.

The younger son of Vice-Admiral the Hon. H. Carr Glyn. Succeeded his brother in the title ten years ago, and is a partner in the banking firm of Glyn, Mills, Currie, and Co.



Photo Horsburgh, Edinburgh.
MR. P. J. RUTLAND (M.), CENTRAL FINSBURY.

A native of High Wycombe, of which he has been Mayor. By profession a solicitor. Contested the seat he has now won at the last two elections, but without success.



Photo Elliott and Fry.
MR. B. S. STRAUSS (P.), MILE END.

An old Harrovian, now a partner in a firm in colonial brokers. Was an unsuccessful Parliamentary candidate for East Marylebone in 1895, and suffered another defeat there for the L.C.C. the next year.



Photo Adams, Greenwich.
MR. J. PEPPERCORN (P.), GREENWICH.

Part owner of one of the largest stores in the district. A former vestryman, with strong views on the river traffic questions of Greenwich, and the housing of the working classes.



Photo Baum, 17d Bond Street.
MR. R. W. GRANVILLE-SMITH (M.), WESTMINSTER.

Is one of the original promoters of the Charity Organisation Society, and has long taken a keen interest in philanthropic works. Did much for French refugees at the time of the Franco-German War.



MR. W. C. JOHNSON (P.), WHITECHAPEL.

A provision merchant with a large wholesale business, who has for many years devoted great energy to the duties of vestryman and guardian in Whitechapel. Was an unsuccessful candidate in 1895.



Photo Lambert, Camden Town.
MR. F. PURCHASE (P.), EAST ST. PANCRAS.

For fifteen years a local vestryman and guardian. A member of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, and until lately chairman of the St. Pancras Works Department Committee.



Photo Pearce, Stamford Hill.
MR. G. LAMPARD (P.), NORTH HACKNEY.

Long well known in the City as a tea-merchant, but now retired from all civic activities. Is on the Hackney Board of Guardians and the Metropolitan Asylums Council.



Photo Elliott and Fry.
MR. R. C. PHILLIMORE (P.), DEPTFORD.

A St. Pancras vestryman and a member of the Works Health Assessment and other committees. Has interested himself in the tramway employees' hours question and the building of workmen's cottages.



Photo Martyn, Highbury.
MR. H. T. SAWELL (P.), HOXTON.

For thirty years a tailor and outfitter in Hoxton, and a prominent member of its vestry. Has been chairman of the Electric Lighting Committee, and is now head of the Baths and Washhouses Committee.



Photo Russell.
MR. R. S. JACKSON (P.), GREENWICH.

A former member of the Council, who headed the poll at the first and second elections. Has been vice-chairman of the Thames Conservancy Committee, and a leader of local municipal life generally.



MR. C. BARRATT (P.), ST. GEORGE'S-IN-THE-EAST.
Member of a large confectionery business, and for some years past a Guardian and Vestryman. Secretary of the St. George's Branch of the Liberal and Radical Association.



Photo Ransom, Newington Butts.
MR. H. R. TAYLOR (P.), NORTH CAMBERWELL.
Elected an Alderman six years ago while still working as a practical bricklayer. Has since served on the Health Public Control Works and other committees. A member of the Technical Education Board.



Photo Whiteley.
MR. H. A. HARBEN (M.), SOUTH PADDINGTON.
A son of Sir Henry Harben, who is well known for his energetic chairmanship of the Hampstead Vestry. Is a barrister, and has been on both the Hampstead and the Paddington Vestries.



Photo Elliott and Fry.
MR. J. RENWICK-SEAGER (P.), MILE END.
Began life as an artisan in London, and educated himself until he eventually became clerk to a well-known Q.C. Resigned that post fourteen years ago for the Secretaryship of the City Liberal Association.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.



Photo Russell.

MR. J. BENSON (P.), EAST FINSBURY.

A successful City merchant who for nearly half a century has served the cause of philanthropy and social improvement in the North and East of London. Takes honorary charge of a chapel at King's Cross.



Photo Russell.

MR. J. JEFFERY (P.), CHELSEA.

A Chelsea vestryman for the last seven years, and chairman of the Metropolitan Radical Federation since 1893. Also chairman of the Chelsea Casual Ward Committee.



Photo Watery.

MR. D. S. WATERLOW (P.), NORTH ST. PANCRAS.

A son of Sir Sidney Waterlow, Bart., of the well-known firm of printers and stationers, of which he is himself a member. Formerly served an apprenticeship to the Improved Dwellings Company.



Photo Elliott and Fry.

THE DUKE OF LEEDS (M.), THE CITY.

Born 1862, succeeded to title 1895. M.P. for the Brixton Division of Lambeth 1887-95 as Marquis of Carmarthen. Treasurer of the Queen's Household. Married to a daughter of the Earl of Durham.



Photo Elliott and Fry.

MR. F. VERNEY (P.), PECKHAM.

Son of the late Sir Harry Verney, he is a Harrow and Oxford man, and a barrister by profession. Became a member of the Bucks County Council just ten years ago.



Photo Russell.

MR. G. E. S. FRYER (M.), NORTH KENSINGTON.

Called to the Bar at the Middle Temple, 1875, as winner of a Hundred Guinea Studentship. Has held the Archery Championship of Great Britain and Ireland five times against all comers.



Photo Weston, Newgate Street.

MR. E. G. EASTON (M.), FULHAM.

Has served Fulham for many years as vestryman, guardian, and people's churchwarden at the Parish Church, and takes a very active interest in all local concerns.



Photo Elliott and Fry.

MR. E. BROWNE (P.), SOUTH HACKNEY.

A barrister who takes a keen interest in all labour questions and has written a number of important articles on the Employers' Liability law in its effect upon the workman.



Photo Elliott and Fry.

MR. C. BALIAN (P.), ST. GEORGE'S-IN-THE-EAST.

Known in the City primarily as a merchant in dried fruits, he has long taken a keen interest in local affairs both there and at Hammersmith, where he resides. A member of the Eighty Club.



Photo Elliott and Fry.

SIR J. DICKSON-POYNDER, M.P. (M.), HOLBORN.

Born 1866, educated at Harrow and Oxford. Succeeded to the baronetcy of Dickson in 1884. Took additional name of Poynder with the property of an uncle. M.P. for the Chippenham Division of Wilts.



Photo Russell.

MR. J. PIGGOTT (P.), WEST NEWINGTON.

A native of St. Ives, Huntingdon, he has been known for many years as proprietor of a large outfit business in the City, and has long taken an active part in the local life of Newington.



Photo Russell.

MR. E. J. HORNIMAN (P.), CHELSEA.

A son of Mr. F. J. Horniman, M.P. for Penryn and Falmouth, and a director of the well-known tea business of Horniman and Co. Is aged thirty-five, and has made Chelsea his home for some years past.



Photo Elliott and Fry.

MR. G. E. DODSON (M.), LEWISHAM.

A Huddersfield man, who was for some time a house master at the City of London School. Is a graduate of London University, a Penge vestryman, and an F.R.G.S.



Photo London Stereoscopic Co.

MR. J. D. GILBERT (P.), WEST NEWINGTON.

A man of many travels who is known in London as the Honorary Secretary of the West Newington Liberal and Radical Association, and a member of the London General Committee of the parent society.



Photo Gerrard.

MR. FRANK SMITH (P.), NORTH LAMBETH.

Spent many years in the social work of the Salvation Army, and was elected to the L.C.C. in 1892, but lost his seat three years later. Unsuccessful Parliamentary candidate for Hammersmith 1892.



Photo Jarchoy, Rotherhithe.

MR. J. H. WILLIAMS (P.), SOUTH ISLINGTON.

A former City of London School boy, now well known as a builder and building contractor. First elected to the L.C.C. for Rotherhithe in 1894, but defeated a year later.

LITERATURE.

SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY'S REMINISCENCES.

My Life in Two Hemispheres. By Sir Charles Gavan Duffy. Two vols. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

The two phases of his career that remain most vividly in the memory are Mr. Charles Gavan Duffy, Irish "rebel," languishing in Newgate, and Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, K.C.M.G., Speaker of the Victorian Parliament. There is a piquancy in the contrast; and the man who has passed through these extremities has earned the right to be his own biographer. One may regret, however, that Sir Charles has adhered so closely to his intention to write only of his public "Life in Two Hemispheres." For his public life has been entirely politics; and politics, even Irish politics, which is more entertaining than most, is but dull reading to the next generation. The differences of O'Connell and the editor of the *Nation*, and the miraculous convolutions of the Repeal agitation, have in these days lost much of their power to attract; though one cannot help remarking the tendency, as clear in the 'forties as in the 'nineties, of the Irish party to be divided against itself. If Sir Charles could be persuaded to throw off his official mantle and give us a mere volume of reminiscences, who could write a better one? He has talked in his time with almost everybody worth talking to—from Carlyle to the ex-editor of the *Galway Irishman* who defined a Galway newspaper patron as a man who "dines with the editor every time he comes to town, writes a libel once a quarter, and never pays his subscription." There is a good story of Disraeli. Somebody asked him if Lord Robert M. was not a stupid ass. "No, no," said Benjamin, "not at all. He is a clever ass." Duffy discussed "Dizzy's" novels with the author, and came to the conclusion that "under the mask of abstruse political profundity he was always at heart a man of letters." Sir Charles preferred Cobden to Bright, and he thought Browning the first poet of his age and country, though a little disappointing at a first meeting. Thackeray gave the impression that "he despised the finest of his own creations. He looked down even on Colonel Newcome because he was not a man about town." Gavan Duffy saw many perils, including that of being hanged, drawn, and quartered; but perhaps his very worst quarter of an hour was when, at dinner one night, the hostess produced an album containing a copy of some verses of his (Gavan Duffy's) own, and asked his opinion of them. The visitor laughed and called them "dreadful drivel." The hostess flushed. "I don't mind you laughing at me," she said, "but pray don't laugh at verses which came from the very heart of my husband when we first knew each other, and which I will treasure to my dying day." This was a "social agony" with a vengeance!

BOOKS OF EMPIRE.

The Building of the Empire. By Alfred Thomas Story. Two vols. (Chapman and Hall, Limited.)

The Gladstone Colony. By James Francis Hogan, M.P. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

Contributions to the Early History of New Zealand (Settlement of Otago). By Thomas Morland Hocken. (Sampson Low, Marston, and Co.)

Our Troubles in Poona and the Deccan. By Arthur Crawford, C.M.G. (Archibald Constable and Co.)

Old Tracks and New Landmarks. By Mary A. Walker (Richard Bentley and Son.)

We are apt to regard ourselves as pre-eminently a colonising people, and to point the finger of scorn at Germany struggling in East Africa and at France baffled in Tonkin. To that spiritual pride there can be no better corrective than a careful perusal of Mr. Alfred Story's "The Building of the Empire." Nearly the whole history of our colonies, since Sir Humphrey Gilbert landed in Newfoundland in 1583, has been one of blunder and mishap. Of course, some wisdom has come with the centuries, and Home Governments have learned caution since that biggest blunder of all split the Anglo-Saxon world in half; but that only makes the conclusion clearer that if we are the best colonisers in the world, it is mainly because we have been at the business longest and oftenest, and know best how to set about it. Our early experiments were anything but happy. Raleigh's first colony in Virginia came home by the next boat. His second, when looked for some years later, had quite disappeared. The third was massacred by Indians. Smith's colony at Jamestown—so called after the British Solomon—was reduced to cannibalism. The fact was that the early colonists were entirely unfitted for their mission. They were mainly of the type that roamed the sinking Main with Drake—gentlemen adventurers, better at sinking galleons than at tilling the soil; and so great was the apparent dearth of workers, even in the seventeenth century, that English political prisoners were sent out by the thousand as *slaves*. Later, when the persecution drove the Puritans over sea, they took to persecuting one another; and the early history of Pennsylvania is a saddening record of malice and all uncharitableness.

The mistakes—and worse—of the early colonists were fitly matched by the Home Governments. The official view of the colonies, when they had at last struggled to their feet, was simply as so many fresh fields of taxation. And the official view was also the popular view; for it is to be remembered that George III. had the country behind him in the war with America. Indeed, the Imperial idea is quite a recent discovery. It is not fifty years since Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Bright looked forward to the ultimate independence of the colonies, and Mr. Disraeli called them "wretched." There is another spirit in these days of Rudyard Kipling and Mr. Chamberlain; and it

will receive a fresh impetus from this timely book of Mr. Story's, carefully compiled and profusely illustrated from contemporary prints.

You might suppose, on coming across the name "Gladstone" on the map, that it was the haunt of enthusiastic Liberals. But the "Gladstone Colony" of North Australia, of which Mr. J. F. Hogan, M.P., recently published an interesting account, was simply a penal settlement—or, rather, a settlement for time-expired convicts—founded while Mr. Gladstone was Colonial Secretary. The colony saw many vicissitudes, of which the most exciting was the gold rush of '58. The fever presented all the features familiar to-day, even to the conflict of testimony. "Tell him," dictated a digger to the camp letter-writer, "tell him he ain't no call to mind them blessed yarns in the papers." "Do not be led away by newspaper statements," the scribe jotted down. The rush was a doubtful benefit to the town of Gladstone, for it was to the influx of diggers that its successful rival, Rockhampton, owed its origin and progress. To-day Gladstone relies mainly on the foreign meat trade.

It takes all sorts to make an empire; and if it was ex-convicts who founded the Gladstone Colony, it was the Free Kirkers of Scotland who about the same time established the Otago settlement of New Zealand. Mr. Thomas Hocken, a member of the Otago University Council—for to that has it come—records their doings. The Free Kirkers set about the task with all the method and determination, and perhaps a little of the intolerance, which might be expected of so austere a body. They began by founding New Edinburgh, which was



SIR CHARLES GAVAN DUFFY.

Reproduced from "My Life in Two Hemispheres."

afterwards changed to Dunedin at the earnest request of the editor of *Chambers's Journal*. They called the streets after streets in Edinburgh and Leith. So fervent was their patriotism that when in subsequent years a "Thistles Nuisance Ordinance" came before the Provincial Council, a member sought to avert the doom by pleading that the thistle was the Scottish emblem. It is interesting to notice that the Early Otagoans decreed an Eight Hours Day under the direction of Mr. Burns—not John, but the Reverend Thomas. They set up a library (mainly theology) and a jail, of which the warden occasionally "treated his flock to half-a-day's holiday, with the strict injunction to be back by eight o'clock, or they would find themselves locked out." They also started a paper, which they tried to edit weekly by turns.

It would seem that Home Governments generally interfere the wrong way. Mr. Hocken mentions that the Colonial Office appointed Mr. Justice Sidney Stephen Judge of a settlement of two or three hundred people at a salary of £800 a year. Mr. Arthur T. Crawford, who writes breezily and with authority on "Our Troubles in Poona and the Deccan," would gladly see a little of that solicitude in the interests of the law extended to India. He would deal rigorously with the reptile vernacular Press, which he blames for the recent outbreaks. He would reform the police, and keep a sharp eye on the Brahmins, though he thinks no evil of the Parsees and Mohammedans. "Above all, govern Bombay, and Madras also, through experienced Lieutenant-Governors who know their India, not by placemen who have to learn its alphabet."

Another volume with a certain topical interest is Mrs. Mary A. Walker's "Old Tracks and New Landmarks," a series of travelling sketches of South-Eastern Europe and Asia Minor. Some interesting glimpses are given of Crete and Macedonia as they were forty years ago.

A LITERARY LETTER.

"The Ingoldsby Legends" have long been out of copyright: they were first published in "Bentley's Miscellany," and since then have passed through countless editions, many of them glorified by Cruikshank's illustrations. Now Mr. Lawrence Greening has arranged for a new edition, with illustrations by a well-known black-and-white artist.

Meanwhile Mr. George Allen has nearly ready for publication his edition of "David Copperfield," with illustrations by Mr. Phil May. To some of us there have only been three illustrators of Dickens—Cruikshank, H. K. Browne, and Fred Barnard. It will be interesting to see if Mr. Phil May can count for another. It must be admitted that an equally distinguished black-and-white artist, Mr. Gibson, failed completely in his attempt to illustrate Dickens.

I have grave doubts if the phrase "Literary London" is a possible one. The mass of the people who in this great city are engaged in literary and journalistic work are far too separated in interests and in ambitions ever to be brought together under one general heading. Nevertheless, the phrase is to do duty for at least two books within the next few weeks. One of these is a volume of studies of the younger bookmen of the day, which Mr. W. P. Ryan has written, and which he will publish under the title of "Literary London." The other is a novel by Mr. William Le Queux, which is entitled "Scribes and Pharisees," and which is, I am told, "a story of journalistic and literary London."

I am further informed that the story "deals with the various types of newspaper men and writers of fiction, and is descriptive of literary London to-day, with its coteries, such as the Omar Khayyam Club, the New Vagabonds, the Argonauts, and others." I am not aware, by the way, that Mr. Le Queux has ever been the guest of the Omar Khayyam Club, but that will only give his imagination further play. Meanwhile, Mr. Hichens's next story is to be called "The Londoners."

I am glad to note there is to be a biography of George Long, by the Rev. Morris Fuller. George Long takes a worthy place in literature as one of the most brilliant translators of ancient classics, although he was perhaps better known to an earlier generation as the editor of "The Penny Cyclopædia." His translations, however, of Epictetus, Marcus Aurelius, and Plutarch's "Lives" are by many good scholars, including Mr. Matthew Arnold, counted for the best we have had. All these books have been published in Bohn's Library, where they must have sold by thousands. When one thinks of the enormous amount of robust pleasure that Long's translation of Plutarch has given, and of the amount of solace and inspiration that has been provided by his "Epictetus" and "Marcus Aurelius," one feels that Long deserves a very much greater place in our literary records than many a popular novelist whose name has a more familiar ring to the general public.

Mr. Andrew Lang commences in the number of the *Chap-Book* just to hand from Chicago the first of a new series of "Letters to Dead Authors." This first Letter is a very fine study of Nathaniel Hawthorne. The New York correspondent of *Literature*, by the way, expresses regret, in a not particularly well-written letter, that the *Chap-Book* has taken to illustrations, "as illustrations are rarely accompanied by good writing"—a proposition to which I am naturally inclined to demur. The same issue of *Literature* has a reference to "George Elliot."

The *New York Nation* tells us, through a correspondent in Florence, of two new collections of Mazzini's letters. One of these was written to the Brothers Rufini, who were colleagues of Mazzini in the Young Italian movement. The other collection was addressed to Gaspari Rosales, a wealthy patriot whose money was always at the disposal of Mazzini and his friends in the early days of the Liberation Movement. The Rufini letters do not, apparently, bring out a fact which was told me by Madame Venturi, that Mazzini in later years came to look upon Rufini, the author of that delightful story "Doctor Antonio," as a traitor to the cause which Mazzini had so much at heart. The most interesting collection of Mazzini's letters, however, is yet to be published. These are addressed to his mother, and the publication of them has been postponed from year to year. I hope it will not be a long time before these letters, by the most lovable of Italian patriots, find their way into print. I wish, moreover, that Messrs. Smith and Elder could see their way to a new and cheaper edition of Mazzini's writings, which they published in collected form some years ago.

The title of Mr. George Moore's new novel is "Evelyn Innes."

The *Ladies' Home Journal*, a copy of which reaches me every month from Philadelphia, is a very attractive magazine, but I cannot wonder at it when I read the statistics which it furnishes of its year's work. It claims to have printed and sold over eight million copies in the twelve months; it consumes three million four hundred and thirty-four pounds of paper in the year, and three thousand nine hundred pounds of ink. It runs twenty-eight presses. The editors received during the last year nine thousand two hundred and ninety manuscripts, and less than one per cent. were accepted. The magazine employs twenty-two editors. What do they find to do?—C. K. S.

Residential Castles of Great Britain.

Third Series : Scottish.

From Photographs by Messrs. G. W. Wilson and Co., Aberdeen.

On previous occasions in dealing with the ruined and residential castles of Great Britain, the strongly accentuated difference between the actual state of these buildings north and south of the Tweed cannot fail to have attracted notice. In England the great majority of these castles are but ruins of what they once were, and even where modern residences have been erected, the older buildings, retaining often the historic name, have been left untouched by aught save time. The cause of this is obvious. In this country clanship never had any distinct hold, and the feudal chieftain, if not altogether unknown, was seldom firmly rooted to a particular spot or district. But North of the Tweed a very different condition of things prevailed. Clanship required of the head of the clan an outward and visible sign of his presence and predominance, and clan jealousies and rivalries kept alive

to be described. It doubtless contains remnants of a very remote period, and portions may be associated with Bruce and Baliol, with Mary Stuart and the Regent Morton, with Cromwell and Prince Charles Edward. Nevertheless, restorations and repairs have been unable to obliterate its massive grandeur or to mar its imposing position. Although by turn a palace and a prison, sometimes both simultaneously, Edinburgh has none of the varied beauties of Stirling, of which the rich decorations and architectural features are scarcely inferior to those of Heidelberg, while its situation, clinging as it were to the terraces of the Castle Rock, is far more imposing than that of its more majestic German rival. Stirling, moreover, has the merit of having been carefully kept up from the days in which it passed under the dual control of the two kingdoms, and as the great landmark between the Highlands and

family on his death, and has been carefully restored, much of the old building, dating from 1680, having been retained.

To reach the summer retreat of the Hamiltons, Brodick Castle, we must cross the Firth of Clyde to the Isle of Arran, with its historic associations from the time when Robert the Bruce saw from the castle battlements the fatal watchfires at Carrick. The present house was rebuilt within the last fifty years, but the architect, Mr. Gillespie Graham, was successful in retaining many features of the old baronial abode.

'Tis a far cry from Arran to Aberdeenshire, where, in the centre of the much subdivided Gordons, we have Aboyne Castle on Deeside, the stately seat of the house of which the Marquis of Huntly is the head; Cluny Castle, built in 1836, the seat of Sir Gordon Cathcart—not to be confounded with the baronial home



GORDON CASTLE, BANFFSHIRE, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND GORDON.

the desire to make show of power and strength. These causes naturally resulted in constant quarrels, and often to the partial wrecking of the defeated chieftain's stronghold. But when Scotland, after a century and a half of agitation and unrest, settled down to peaceful self-development, the heads of the clans—now become peers of Parliament—wisely adopted the custom of living on their estates or among their adherents. It was important to their position that the old traditions of the clan should be kept in remembrance, and this could not be better effected than by restoring the seat of the house to something of its former importance. As time went on and wealth increased, the "lairds" were not content to restrict themselves to what had satisfied their "forebears," but indulged in that love of architectural display which seems to be as much a feature of the Celtic character as clanship itself. Happily for Scotland, its thanes had a more practical, if not more frugal taste in châteaux than their Irish brethren, for the cases in which great families impoverished themselves by building grand houses are as rare in Scotland as they are common in Ireland. Moreover, the frugal Scotch most frequently utilised the materials of the older castles, on which they erected their new residences, thereby maintaining a continuity of name and tradition, which from the point of view of "clan" was essential. The consequence is that from Galloway to Stornoway—from the land of Border warfare to the far-off islands which had at one time to hold their own against the Norse pirates—Scotland is dotted with edifices essentially modern in their construction and uses, but historically associated with their military annals.

Of the castles illustrated on the present occasion all but two, Edinburgh and Stirling, are occupied as residences by their respective owners. The former is too well known

Lowlands of Scotland fully deserves the care bestowed upon it.

Starting from the south, and taking the Illustrations in topographical order, we first reach Lochinch Castle, a quite modern building erected by the Earl of Stair, and overlooking the picturesque ruins of Castle Kennedy, which passed from the Kennedy family to the Dalrymples (Earls of Stair) early in the eighteenth century, when the latter assumed a dominant influence in Galloway. Passing through the Burns land, and arriving in Ayrshire, we next arrive at Culzean Castle, an elaborate Gothic building erected on a commanding position. It was built by Adam in 1772 for the Earl of Cassilis, the representative of the Kennedys, who for four hundred years had ruled with almost arbitrary power this south-west part of Scotland.

At no great distance and in the same county is Eglinton Castle, the seat of the Montgomeries for six hundred years, although the present building celebrates this year only the centenary of its erection. It was the scene of the famous Eglinton Tournament, which was held in pouring rain in August 1839. Lady Seymour, a grand-daughter of Sheridan, and afterwards Duchess of Somerset, was Queen of Love and Beauty, and the Earl of Eglinton, after breaking spears with the Marquis of Waterford, was proclaimed the best knight. Prince Louis Napoleon was present, and in armour, but history does not record his prowess.

Drumlanrig Castle, which is passed on the way from Dumfries to Sanquhar, stands above the sparkling waters of the river Firth. Its rich colour of red sandstone makes a fine effect among the woods and terraces of gardens by which it is surrounded. The castle, which suffered much from neglect during the ownership of the Duke of Queensberry, "Old Q," came into the possession of the Buccleuch

of Cluny Macpherson, in Inverness-shire—while over the border in Banffshire is Fochabers or Gordon Castle, the seat of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon, who was successful in establishing his claim to the second title against his neighbour, the Marquis of Huntly. On Don-side the Forbes are as dominant as the Gordons on Deeside, and Castle Newe, at the foot of Ben Newe, the Holy Hill, is an imposing building, almost hidden by trees from the ordinary passer-by.

A further flight northwards brings us into the mountain district of Ross-shire, where the Davidsons of Tulloch hold, as it were, the entrance to the wilder country beyond and to the much-frequented paths of Strathpeffer, near to which is one of the really old and still inhabited castles of Scotland—Castle Leod, the home of the Mackenzies, Earls of Cromartie, a title revived in favour of the Duchess of Sutherland in 1861, and transmitted to her second son. The castle dates from the earlier part of the seventeenth century, and its architectural features are enhanced by the thick covering of ivy under which they are traceable.

A rougher sea than that which separates Arran from the mainland has to be traversed before reaching Armadale Castle, the seat of the Macdonalds of Sleat—or of the Isles—a branch of the great clan of which Glengarry is the chieftain. It was not at the present Gothic castle, erected at the beginning of this century, that Johnson and Boswell were entertained so simply, but at a small house on the shore no longer recognisable. Another stretch of sea separates the Outer Hebrides, where at the chief town, Stornoway, the Mackenzies once held sway. Fifty years ago the castle and estate were purchased by Sir James Matheson, who devoted the greater portion of a large fortune to making the Lewis profitable to its inhabitants with, however, doubtful success.



EGLINTON CASTLE, AYRSHIRE, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF EGLINTON AND WINTON.



CASTLE NEWE, ABERDEENSHIRE, THE SEAT OF SIR CHARLES STEWART FORBES, BART.



LOCHINCH CASTLE, WIGTOWN, THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF STAIR.



STIRLING CASTLE, MILITARY GARRISON.



STORNOWAY CASTLE, ROSS-SHIRE.



ARMADALE CASTLE, SKYE, THE SEAT OF LORD MACDONALD.



TULLOCH CASTLE, ROSS-SHIRE, THE SEAT OF MR. DUNCAN DAVIDSON.



EDINBURGH CASTLE (MILITARY GARRISON), FROM GRASSMARKET.



CLUNY CASTLE, ABERDEENSHIRE, THE SEAT OF SIR REGINALD CATHCART, BART.



BRODICK CASTLE, ISLE OF ARRAN, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF HAMILTON AND BRANDON.



CASTLE LEOD, STRATHPEFFER, CROMARTYSHIRE.



CULZEAN CASTLE, AYRSHIRE, THE SEAT OF THE MARQUIS OF AILSA.



DRUMLANRIG CASTLE, DUMFRIES, THE SEAT OF THE DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH.



ABOYNE CASTLE, ABERDEENSHIRE, THE SEAT OF THE MARQUIS OF HUNTLY.



THE GRAND MILITARY MEETING, SANDOWN PARK.—THE RACE FOR THE GOLD CUP: AT THE WATER JUMP.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

I wonder if any of my readers have ever considered seriously, or at all, the question, "What to do with their arms when they go to bed?" I know the inquiry sounds a trifle ludicrous, but it is by no means so frivolous a question as might at first sight be supposed. I remember reading a poem in *Punch* on this subject some time ago, and I regret I did not make a note of it (on Captain Cuttle's principle) for future use. It is evident that the matter of one's arms in bed has not escaped the notice of certain philosophers, and one can readily see that there may be more science involved in the reply than many of us might be given to imagine. I think it is a fact that one's arms are rather awkward appendages to deal with during the hours of somnolence. Inquiries among one's friends reveal that the matter of the arms has not been wholly overlooked. "Now one comes to think of it," said a friend of mine the other day, "they are rather a trouble in the sense that you scarcely know what to do with them." You try keeping them above your head, and they get cold from arrested circulation. You sleep with one arm below your pillow, and it becomes benumbed. You are not quite restful when they are laid in an extended position, and so you fidget till sleep puts an end to your worries. My friend said the only happy man in the matter of arms is the individual who can screw them off at night; but such arms are products of art, and as we are considering a problem of nature, his remark does not apply.

If we have regard to evolutionary views of man's origin from lower forms of quadruped life (to go no further back in the very "lang pedigree" of humanity), we may perhaps find a reason for the awkwardness of arms. Dr. Louis Robinson might investigate this subject with advantage, for he has been deft and clever in showing us how odd traits in human life bear a relation to man's ancestral past. For example, why does a human being who cannot swim, begin to plunge up and down with his arms, and so put himself in the best way of being drowned, instead of striking out as does the dog thrown into the water? I believe Dr. Robinson finds an explanation of this trait in the arboreal or tree-living habits of our ancestors. The natural instinct we have inherited from them is to climb out of the reach of danger, not to swim. Therefore when we fall into the sea we imitate the movements in which our ancestry found safety, in place of striking out like a frog. The old habit still surviving in us, works out its will and endangers us, till, having learned to swim, we substitute the acquired for the natural practice.

Now, on some such reasoning as this, is it possible to account for the awkwardness of arms? In what position do our nearest neighbours among quadrupeds sleep? If you look at a cage of monkeys in repose—a sight you will seldom see, of course, for the restlessness of the race is as proverbial as is the liveliness of a nursery—you will find them huddled together in the upright posture clinging to one another, with arms entwined round each other's necks for warmth. When I kept a cageful of monkeys I used to remark this habit of posture in sleep; and it is clear, therefore, the arms of the apes are placed very definitely in sleep round some support, which may be a bough or the body of a friend. The position of the arms in the ape's repose is therefore opposed to that which the lordly human assumes when he lays himself down to sleep, and it may be that, even despite the long reons of human evolution, we have not been able to accommodate ourselves and our arms to the posture that the average man regards as most suitable to his wearied frame. If a man finds himself most comfortable when his arms are kept above his head—and we unconsciously adopt this position when we are tired, and elevate them when we yawn deeply—it might fairly be argued that we are reverting to the ancestral type of repose. The topic is decidedly interesting, at least to those of us who do not mind regarding the probability of an ascent from lower life as a cardinal feature of our being. Those who object to this view of things lose a great many chapters of an interesting story—that of man's progress towards his present perfection. But at least it must be comforting to everybody to reflect that whatever we have sprung from, it behoves us to live as becomes our present high estate.

The other evening some friends were discussing the rights and wrongs of bone-setting as practised by the laymen who profess to know a vast deal more about the injuries of the osseous part of our anatomy than the surgeons. I happened to be in Cumberland, where, of course, bone-setting is practised as an art far and wide, and the practice is often handed down from father to son. A tolerably large experience of the bone-setter's art on the part of certain members of the coterie led to the conclusion that one hears of the cures but never of the failures, while probably the bone-setter, with no fear before his eyes of inflammation as the result of tearing down adhesions which have bound broken or dislocated bones in awkward positions, boldly achieves what the surgeon, more careful and cautious, hesitates, from fear of possible evil consequences, to accomplish. Herein lies the secret of what success attends the bone-setter's practice; but nothing is said of his cases when he fails to give any relief at all.

An old woman I once knew of, who attained a high reputation as a bone-setter, had a kind of shibboleth which she repeated in all cases of injury of the elbow. "There are two small bones out at the elbow," was her remark. Now there are not two small bones at the elbow, as every ambulance student knows, still the old lady held on her way rejoicing. I have even heard it seriously asserted that this old lady had "mended a man's broken neck," when the surgeons had given him up as a hopeless case. A capital story of bone-setting is that of the Scotch laddie, Jock by name, who, after being carried by his mother, an unwilling patient, to the bone-man to get his leg set, was asked if the manipulation had hurt him. "No," said Jock, "it didna hurt me." "I told you it widna be painful," said his mother. "Ah!" replied Jock, "nae wonder; ye see, mother, I just let him fumble wi' the sound leg!"

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

H E KIDSON (Liverpool).—In your last version if Black play 1. P to Q R 4th there is no mate next move. The original to hand, which shall receive immediate attention.

PROS NOIR.—If Black defends by 1. R takes P, then 2. Q or R mates. We should like to see this blemish eliminated.

JEFF ALLEN (Calcutta).—Very acceptable. Your last problem met with the approbation of our solvers.

P H WILLIAMS and **F W ANDREW**.—Your joint composition to hand, with thanks.

H W R (Stockton).—We hope to give all the games in due order, unless any one is too long or tedious.

G HAWKINS (Camberwell).—Your variation is unsound. You quite overlook the effect of the Queen checking at R 5th.

F JOHNSON (Ealing).—Apply to J M Brown, 89, Brudenell Road, Leeds.

CORRECT SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2804 received from C A M (Penang); of No. 2805 from Thomas E Laurent (Bombay); of No. 2808 from J O Miller (St. Catherine's, Ont.) and Charles Field, junior (Athol, Mass.); of No. 2809 from James Oliver (Wotton-under-Edge); of No. 2810 from Alpha, G Lill (Gringley), Edward J Sharpe, C E M (Ayr), John M Robert (Crossgar, county Down), J D Tucker (Ilkley), and G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham).

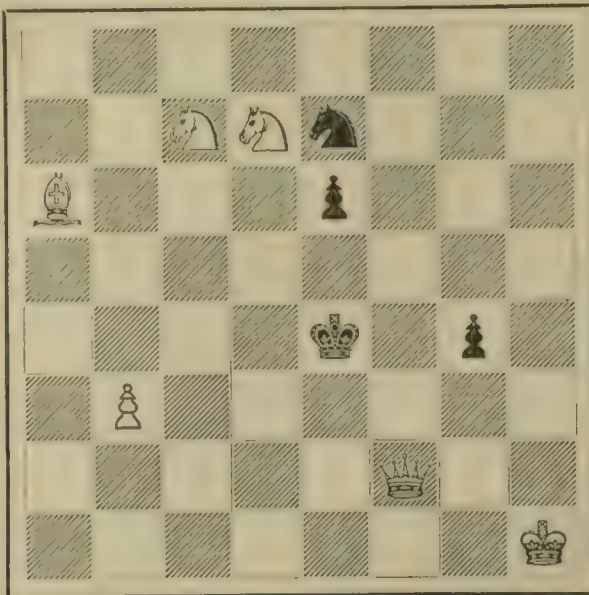
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2811 received from J Bailey (Newark), Edith Corser (Reigate), C E M (Ayr), Henry Orme (Bristol), J D Tucker (Leeds), Edward J Sharpe, J Lake Ralph (Purley), E Bacon (Finchley), A P A (Bath), Julius Richter (Brunn), R Worters (Canterbury), T Roberts, T C D (Dublin), G Hawkins (Camberwell), T G (Ware), F Barclay, John G Lord (Castleton), C E Perugini, Joseph Willcock (Chester), Captain Spencer, H Le Jeune, Sorrento, A G Reynolds (Manchester), J F Moon, Francis Barton (Egremont), Mrs Wilson (Plymouth), Dr F St, F Cartwright, Alpha, G J E, Shadforth, W d A Barnard (Uppingham), and Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2810.—By F. LIBBY.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to R 7th. Any move.
2. Mates accordingly.

PROBLEM No. 2813.—By W. A. CLARK.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the Brooklyn Chess Club between Messrs. J. ELWELL and G. RUSSELL.

(Petroff Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. E.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)	WHITE (Mr. E.)	BLACK (Mr. R.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	15. B to B 7th (ch)	K to Q sq
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	16. P to Q Kt 4th	Q to Q B 3rd
3. B to B 4th	Kt takes P	17. R to K 5th	
4. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to Q 3rd		
The opening presents somewhat of a novelty in this continuation by Black.			
5. B to K 3rd	P to K 5th	17. P to Q 3rd would release Black's Q B, and we do not see any objection to its adoption in preference to the text-move.	
6. Kt to K 5th	Q to K 2nd	18. P to Kt 5th	Q to K B 3rd
7. P to Q 4th	P takes P (en pas.)	19. R takes Kt	
8. P to K B 4th	P takes P		
9. K takes P	P to K B 3rd		
10. Castles	P takes Kt		
11. P takes P	Q takes P		
12. B to K B 4th	K to B 4th (ch)		
13. K to R sq	Kt to K B 4th		
14. Q R to K sq (ch)	Kt to K 2nd		

CHESS IN THE CITY.

Game played in the Championship Tourney between Dr. S. F. SMITH and Mr. A. E. TIETJEN.

(Queen's Pawn Game.)

WHITE (Dr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)	WHITE (Dr. S.)	BLACK (Mr. T.)
1. P to Q 4th	P to K 3rd	22. P to R 5th	P to Kt 5th
2. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	23. P takes Kt	B P takes P
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	24. R to R sq	P takes Kt
4. P to K 5th	K Kt to Q 2nd	25. B takes P	B to B 3rd
5. P to B 4th	P to Q B 4th	26. R takes P	K takes R
6. P takes P	Kt to Q B 3rd	27. Q to R 3rd (ch)	K to Kt sq
This continuation is commendable, seeing that the White Pawn cannot be saved.			
7. P to Q R 3rd	B takes P	28. R to R sq	K to B 2nd
8. Q to Kt 4th	Castles	29. Q to R 7th	R to K Kt sq
9. B to Q 3rd	B takes Kt	30. R to R 6th	
10. R takes B	Kt to B 4th		
11. Q to B 3rd	Kt to Q 5th		
12. Q to R 3rd	Kt takes B (ch)		
13. Q takes Kt	Kt to B 4th		
14. B to Q 2nd	B to Q 2nd		
15. Castles Q R	P to Q R 3rd		
16. P to K Kt 4th	Kt to K 2nd		
17. P to B 5th	Q to B 2nd		
18. P to B 6th			
He allows the Black Knight to get into a good position now. Probably B to Kt 5th was superior.			
19. Q R to K sq	Kt to Kt 3rd		
	K R to B sq		
If Kt takes P, the reply is Q to Kt 3rd, and then P takes P, P to Kt 5th with a fine game.			
20. Q to K 3rd	P to Q Kt 4th		
21. P to K R 4th	P to Q R 4th		

The first game in the Showalter-Pillsbury contest resulted in a defeat of the latter. We hope to publish the game at an early date.

An inter-University cable chess match between the American and Oxford and Cambridge Universities, is projected. The suggested conditions are that each side is to be represented by six undergraduates, and that twenty moves are to be made in one hour.

The arrangements for the Anglo-American cable match are now almost complete, and the contest is looked forward to with great interest in Metropolitan chess circles. The great hall at the Hotel Cecil has been engaged for the convenience of spectators, so there will be ample room for a large attendance on March 18 and 19. The English team will be J. H. Blackburne, C. D. Loeck, H. E. Atkins, G. E. H. Bellingham, M. L. Caro, H. W. Trenchard, E. M. Jackson, D. V. Mills, Amos Burn, and Herbert Jacobs. The American team will be—H. N. Pillsbury, J. W. Showalter, A. B. Hodges, J. F. Barry, E. Hymes, E. Delmar, D. G. Baird, A. K. Robinson, F. K. Young, and J. A. Galbreath.

MUSIC.

At the beginning of last week the students of the Royal Academy of Music gave a Chamber Concert at St. James's Hall of considerable merit. The conductor of the "Ensemble Class" was M. Emile Sauret, and Mr. R. H. Evers had the choir in hand. One is bound, of course, to judge such an entertainment as this with a kindly eye, and not to criticise too severely the efforts of students. In any case, however, the work done by the Ensemble Class reflected handsome credit on everybody concerned. These young players gave a composition by Mr. Victor Herbert in a really spirited style. We should know more of Mr. Herbert in London. He is the composer of that ill-fated comic opera, "The Wizard of the Nile," which, if anything could have saved it, would surely have been saved by its music. The particular suite played by the students was full of life, animation, and real swing. Life, vitality, is so rare a quality in any composition that it is to be greeted with open arms whenever it arrives. The vocal work of the Royal Academy, judged by these standards, was also quite interesting and efficient.

On Tuesday afternoon the members of the Bohemian String Quartet gave, at the St. James's Hall, a concert which, for this kind of combination, may be reckoned as embodying quite the ideal programme. Three items constituted the whole of the affair, Schumann's Quartet in A Minor (Op. 41, No. 1), Beethoven's Quartet in F Major (Op. 59, No. 1), and a Sonata for Violin and Pianoforte by Oskar Nedbal, one of the redoubtable four Bohemians in question. We do not pretend to have a very profound admiration for Mr. Nedbal's sonata, although it is a good specimen of its class of music. It is formal, it is eccentric, it is obvious, it is intentionally elaborate all by turns, and you note the anxiety and resolution which, in determining to give you something quite knowingly original, really reintroduces you to the kind of thing that you have been familiar with for years, although not just in this combination. "A gold mountain!" cries the dreamer of dreams, not perceiving that both the gold and the mountain are quite familiar to every creature of human experience. The Schumann quartet was perhaps more interesting on the whole than the Beethoven. The younger master's more loosely modern manner of orchestration was more suitable to these ultra-modern and excitable interpreters than the long-drawn, forethoughtful, carefully considered phrases of the old classical composer. The tendency, to speak without cant, of modern art production is to emphasise the short, sharp flights of beauty which belong to the nervous temperaments of this time rather than the cool, calculating, repetitive instinct of our great-grandfathers. In those days we were all for leisure, for quiet, languorous sentiment; Beethoven carried the working-out of a phrase to its highest pitch of possibility; but Schumann, who was a little time back the prophet of modernity, took another reckoning and shone and showered upon the world of musical art like any April day. For that reason these modern musicians seem more certainly in their element when face to face with Schumann than with Beethoven. These players, indeed, are alive with modernity, with quick overstretched feeling, with sudden moments of rapture. For this reason their work is to be particularly praised, and a full measure of applause is therefore due to Mr. Karel Hoffman (first violin), Mr. Josef Suk (second violin), Mr. Oskar Nedbal (viola), and Mr. Hanus Wihan (violinello). The combination is an excellent one.

On Wednesday afternoon at the Queen's Hall, M. Lamoureux accomplished the most impressive feat of his many musical successes in London by his performance of the famous Tschaikowsky "Pathetic Symphony." M. Lamoureux has had, probably more than any other man of like merits, to endure much unfair and even contradictory criticism. He was not good enough because he was too good—this was the cry of quite an intelligent little corner in musical appreciation; yet out of that unfairness and hostility he has emerged with something like triumph. In truth, we did not, for our part, look to find from the French conductor a very splendid or sympathetic interpretation of Tschaikowsky, and that fear was, perhaps, justified in his playing of a portion of the first two movements, which lacked the mystery and perhaps some of the poignancy of the Russian composer. The brilliance of the third movement could not, however, have been bettered, and not Richter himself has played the magnificent fourth movement so truly, so deeply, so feelingly, so persuasively.

On Thursday afternoon at the St. James's Hall Herr Georg Liebling gave the last of his present series of pianoforte recitals, playing on this occasion the piano part in a concerto of his own, the orchestra being under the direction of Professor Stanford. There is a good deal of brightness and deftness in this composition, and Herr Liebling played with his usual spirit and rather more than his usual brilliance. The great mistake about the business was the issuing of a programme claiming for the concerto qualities which the general critical judgment has absolutely refused to allow to it. Nothing could be in more questionable taste than to inform an audience that this passage, for example, has been compared to "Angel voices from Heaven," that another has a "suave, ethereal effect," and another "lyrical charm." The pianist also gave some Liszt, and a good deal of Liebling. He is a clever enough composer, but he does not strike us as eminent.

Mr. Henry Wood's Symphony Concerts are drawing to a close, and Mr. Manns' Crystal Palace concerts will begin from this afternoon (Saturday) to take on the running. Last Saturday, at the Queen's Hall, Mr. Wood gave a sound and sensible programme, which included Wagner's Good Friday music, Schubert's Unfinished Symphony, Dr. Parry's Symphonic Variations in E Minor, and some minor orchestral pieces. Miss Ada Crossley also sang some delightful songs delightfully, including that wonderful masterpiece in little of Haydn's, "The Spirit Song." Mr. Wood's playing of the Wagner was very impressive in its restraint and dignity, and the lovely Schubert was very finely rendered. The Parry variations were played as well as could be; but as work to stimulate, to impress, to entertain, they cannot be taken as occupying a very high rank. They lack the first true quality of all artistic inspiration; they seem entirely unnecessary, with no real *raison d'être*.

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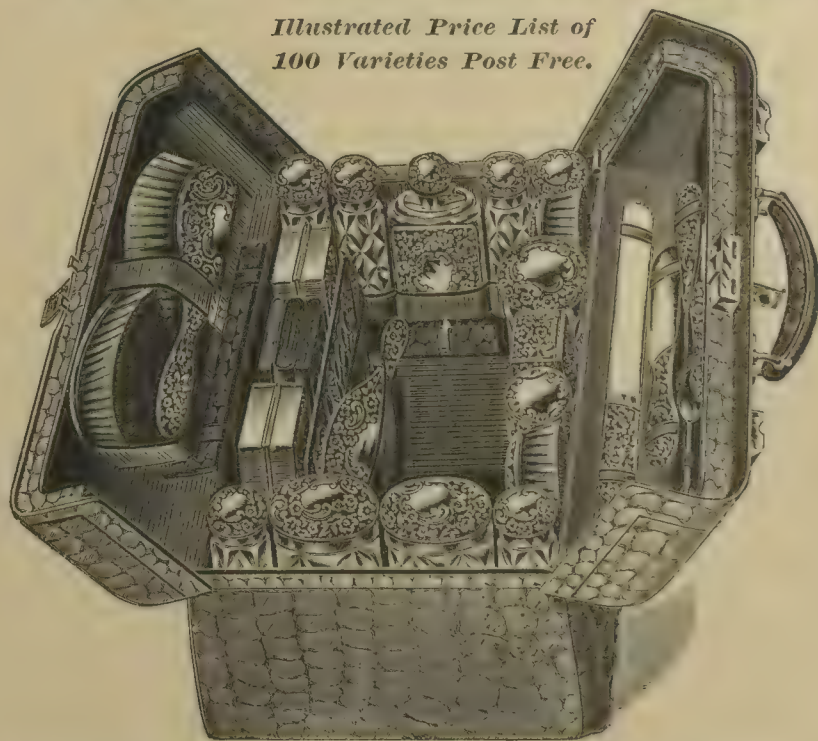
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LADIES' PAGES.

DRESS.

The summing-up of the first season's Drawing-Room, as conveyed among other items of an eight-page commitment of recent events from one girl friend to another, struck me as a happy and comprehensive keynote of our fashions as they will come to be written this season. "We debutantes were all very cloudy," ran the gossip, "smothered in misty tulle, clinging chiffons, vaporous gauzes, and that sort of thing." A correspondent, this, to be thankful for, should her lines run in town and ours in the country, I thought, for to be accurate as well as imaginative and convey impressions in a few well-directed strokes of the goose-quill is not given to many. Cloudiness is, in fact, an important essential of the moment's *chic* in evening gowns, as it will doubtless prove itself to be in outdoor effects, when the earth turns itself a little more round, and makes its summer bow to the sun. Every modish frock is now more or less "vapoured" with gauze, mousseline, or chiffon, every sash flounced with one or other, every bodice composed or covered to match, and the "air severe" of satin or brocade unadorned is no longer considered to be adorned the most. Sashes have even arrived at being made altogether of these foregoing filmy fabrics, and are knotted loosely in front or at the sides, much augmented prettiness being given to the frock or tea-gown they adorn when fringed with jewels or embroidered, as are many of the latest Parisian devices. As an instance, one new style, made of black mousseline over satin, is tied with pale green chiffon, wound twice round the waist, the ends of which are sewn with paste and emeralds of small size in a cross-barred design; tiny sleeves *en suite*, just composed of small pointed tabs of the pale green chiffon, edged with ruching of black, are similarly embroidered. Apropos, among the newest embroideries aluminium will be found well up in the list of latest events, as, though less glittering than silver, it is found to retain its brightness, and is, besides, so light as to be useable on the most delicate materials without weighing them down, as beads and sequins are apt to do.

Conformably with spring cleaning and April ides, various shades of stone and putty colour are being prepared for fashionable consideration. It was tried last year, when drabs, buffs, and other nondescript shades verging between brown and biscuit were set down by autocratic Paris as inevitable arrivals. They came, and were seen over here certainly, but failed to conquer. At the same time, when well considered and combined, some "stone and putty" tones take an air *très chic* not always arrived at by more primary colours. Both models illustrated this week, for example, are rendered in different shades of the same.

Ribbon bids fair to invade all possible portions of the feminine external this season, commencing with



A TEA-GOWN.

the evening coiffure, where it is now modishly twined in and out of blonde, chestnut, or sable locks alike after the manner of bygone beauties of Reynolds's or Gainsborough's piping times of the picturesque. Even to our petticoats has this revival deigned to descend, and eight or nine shades of the same colour laid on in flounces of graduated depth give a very pretty air to the last

departures in skirts. A black satin petticoat has, for instance, its lowest ribbon frill of four-inch cherry-coloured ribbon. Just above it, and narrower by half an inch, is sewn a lighter shade, and so on, until the one-inch tint of pale rose completes this complement of harmonious tinting. Dresses are treated to quantities of little evenly laid rows of the same for day wear, while for festive evening occasions, dozens of small ribbon frills give a dainty old-fashioned air to the appropriately revived muslins and taffetas of young girlhood. Even the rosettes of grandmotherly reminiscence begin to revisit glimpses of the modern moon or its electric substitute, and a ball-gown made for the young Queen of Holland of white mousseline over silk, with its daintily tied white mousseline sash, had quaint little eruptions of the new button-rosette trimming on skirt and bodice.

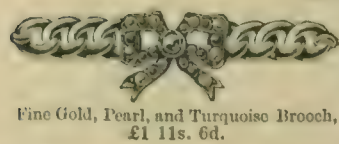
The sensation of being sunburned in February, if void of other merits, has at least the claim of novelty. To experience it one must climb Swiss mountains, and abandoning veil and umbrella, bask in the fierce heat that reflects itself from the snow, and finally impresses itself on the tip of one's nose. Now Prussian guardsmen are, it is said, as much at home in matters of the toilet as the camp, and to one of these bewaisted and acutely moustached immortals a sunburned friend of mine owes her introduction to a certain unguent called *Crème Simon*, which for its healing merits should certainly be recommended to form part of every toilet-travelling impedimenta. One more boon to the trotter across continents is discovered in Fisher's hat-box, which, being supplied with steel springs to clip and keep one's millinery in place, is one of the most useful inventions to hat-ridden womankind which it is possible to give praise for.

Replying to several questions addressed me on the topic of young girls and how to dress them, it is universally felt by mothers of daughters that the angular hobbledchoy of thirteen and three years onwards is at this and all intermittent stages most difficult to dress. Concealment of undeveloped angles and half-fledged "points" seems the only way of treating *gauche* and pigtailed girlhood. So, with this idea in mind, a leading outfitter of the human chrysalis has brought forward the high-waisted Empire manner as most suitable to the waistless teens, and broad ribbon-bound frocks flowing free from under the arm-line are now declared the most hygienic as well as suitable habiliment of the "Miss." Of course, if girls passing through the crisis of these years could all be persuaded into looking like Alice Hughes's photographs, it would be well, but human nature never poses for very long, and the Empire gown in its disengaged and everyday aspect is apt to become blowsy, not to say unbecomingly. The growing girl, while anticipating much, accomplishes little, as a rule, in the way of fine effects, and the true logic of her clothes lies therefore, to my thinking, in giving her as much ease and opportunity for

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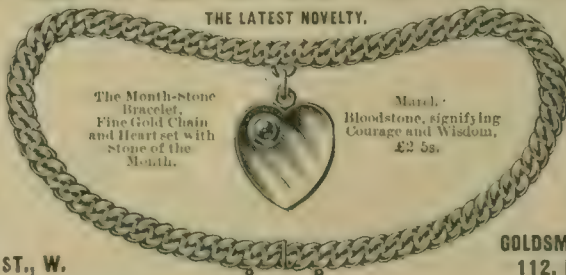
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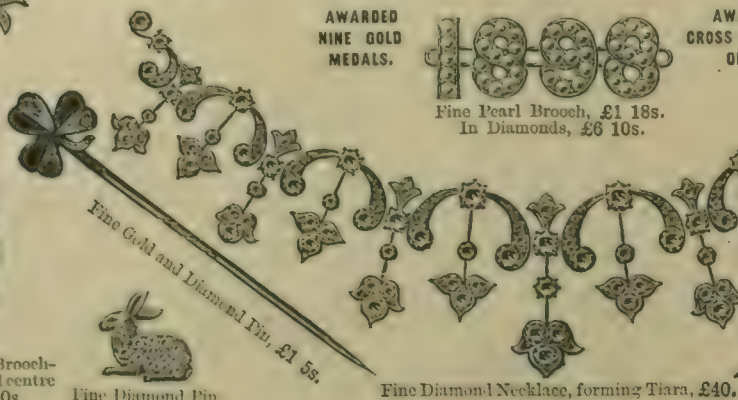
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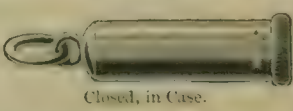


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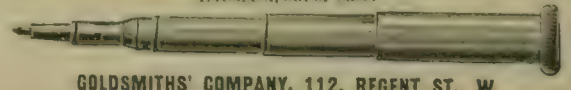
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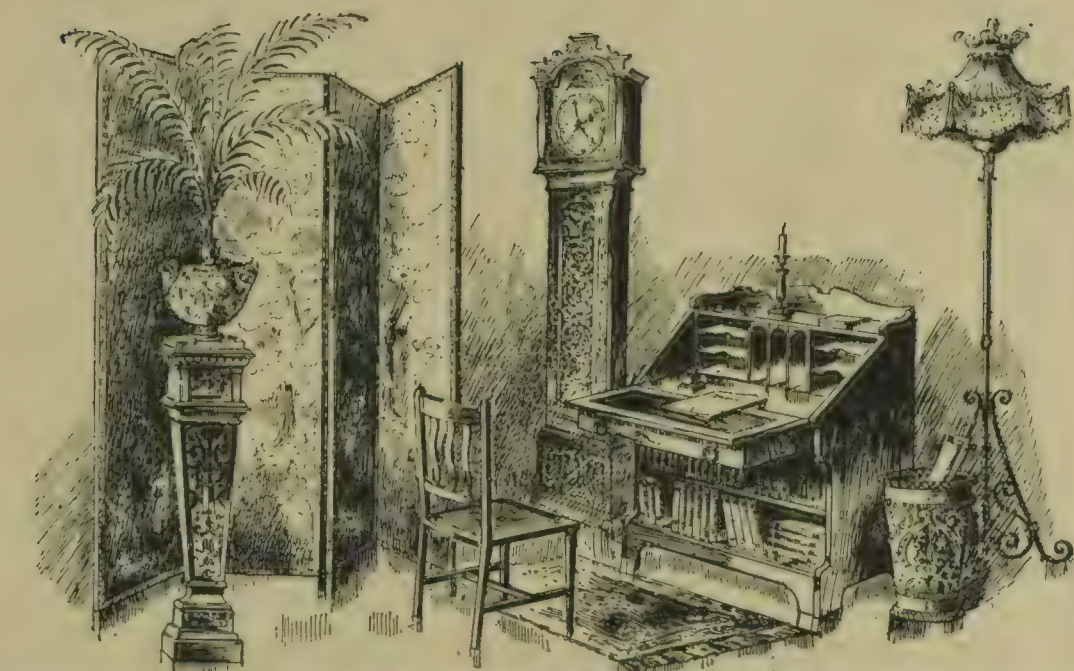
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healthy exercise and expansion as may be contrived in connection with a decent regard to toning down her irrepressible neck, wrists, and ankles. A result, it may be added, not possible to the exaggerated type known as Empire. SYBIL.

NOTES.

A few ladies are members of City "Companies" or Guilds. The Honourable Alicia Amherst, who recently married Lord Salisbury's nephew, was a year or two ago admitted a freewoman of the Gardeners' Company in recognition of her book on flowers; and Baroness Burdett-Coutts is an honorary freewoman of another company. But in older times, as the records of the various companies show, it was quite usual for girls who had been apprenticed to citizens and for the daughters of freemen to "take up their freedom" in the ordinary manner. This precedent has just been followed in the admission as freewomen of the Fishmongers' Company of the "triplet" daughters of Mr. Deputy Sayer, who have "taken up their freedom" by patrimony.

Though few women are members of City Companies, those bodies remember the interests of women in the educational gifts that they make. Lord Cross the other day distributed, in the hall of the Clothworkers' Company, the prizes given to girl students of domestic economy in the technical classes established by the City and Guilds of London Institute, in conjunction with the London School Board. The intention is that these girls, of whom 200 have now been trained, shall act as teachers of classes, and that thus "scientific housewifery" shall be established in our homes. "So mote it be!"

The domestic training problem is being grappled with elsewhere. In Manchester, a new society has been formed, with the name of the "Domestic Service Guild." The ladies supplying the capital are to nominate girls to receive training, and will be entitled to send their own servants for periodical lessons, so that "the general" will be turned into a plain cook, and the plain cook into an experienced one." In Liverpool a more complete scheme has been adopted, under the wing of the City Council, but partly supported by a generous private donor. There girls of from fourteen to eighteen are received for a twenty weeks' course of instruction, at fees varying from one to two guineas, the subjects comprising all housemaid's and parlourmaid's duties, as well as cooking, laundry work, mending, hygiene, and general domestic management. It is not to our credit as a practical nation that this training is only beginning in our midst.

I hear that movers and seconders have been found to put formally in nomination four leading lady artists for the Associateship of the R.A. No one will quarrel with the selection of names: the candidates are Henrietta Rae, Clara Montalba, Lady Butler, and Mrs. E. M. Ward.



AN EVENING FROCK.

The impartial outsider, capable of art criticism, will, I think, agree that any one of these ladies is quite worthy to be counted the peer of the average R.A., but it remains to be seen whether they will consent to being placed in nomination. They have the strong precedent that the

beautiful Angelica Kaufmann, and Fuseli's friend, Mary Moser, were two of the original "Forty."

Over one thousand leading churchwomen signed a memorial to the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Upper House of Convocation, protesting against the exclusion of women from the proposed new parishioners' committees that are to be instituted in connection with the parish churches to bring the laity into more direct communication with the affairs of the Church. The members of these are to be male communicants only—so the Bishops, disregarding the lady memorialists, have decided. Among those who signed the memorial vainly asking for representation of the female communicants were Lady Langatock, Lady Tennyson, Lady Victoria Lambton, and Lady Lucy Hicks Beach.

These new voluntary organisations, which are entirely denominational, must not be confounded with the "Parish Councils" established by law, and given the management of many details of the communal life in our villages. On these, women may be elected, and it is a useful piece of work for a benevolent and sensible woman to undertake. The duties of the parish council include the appointment of the Overseers of the Poor, the purchase and holding of parish lands for allotments and other purposes, and the protection of village greens, wayside wastes, and rights of way; the obtaining and delivering to the houses of pure water; and numerous other small but not unimportant matters. Trivial though the task may seem, many a woman may find in it a means for becoming unobtrusively a centre of light and leading to her humble village neighbours. Any lady may be a candidate who is a ratepayer, or who has resided a full year in the parish.

Mrs. H. J. Tennant (known before her marriage as Miss May Abraham, the Lady Superintendent Inspector of Factories) continues to take so great an interest in the working women for whom she did so much that she has set apart certain days of each month to be "at home" at 33, Bruton Street, on purpose to see any who may call to consult her or advise with her about their workshops or the law affecting their case. She acts as chairman of the "Industrial Law Committee" of the body of voluntary workers calling themselves "The Women's Industrial Council."

Several questions in Parliament were asked last week as to the status of Mrs. Tennant's successor as head of the small body of women factory inspectors. It was ultimately admitted by the Home Secretary that the status of the Lady Chief Inspector has been lowered from that possessed by Mrs. Tennant. She had the right to initiate prosecutions for breaches of the law discovered by herself or her subordinates. Her successor is no longer called "Superintendent Inspector," but merely "Chief Lady Inspector," and is deprived of the power of prosecuting on her own responsibility, being required to report to her "superintendent" merely. F. F.-M.

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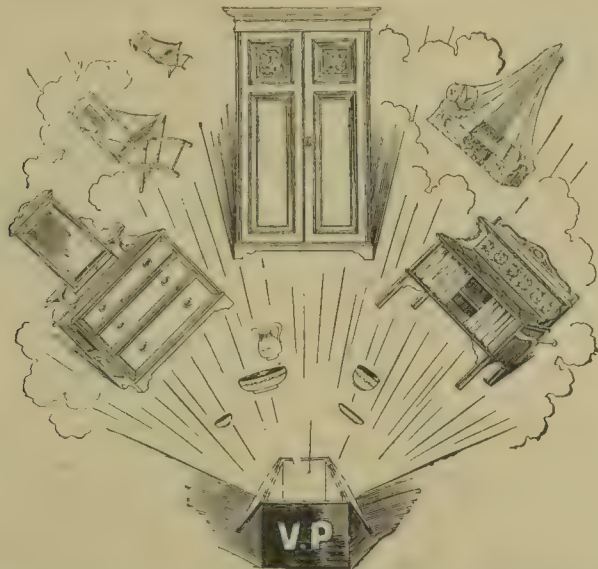
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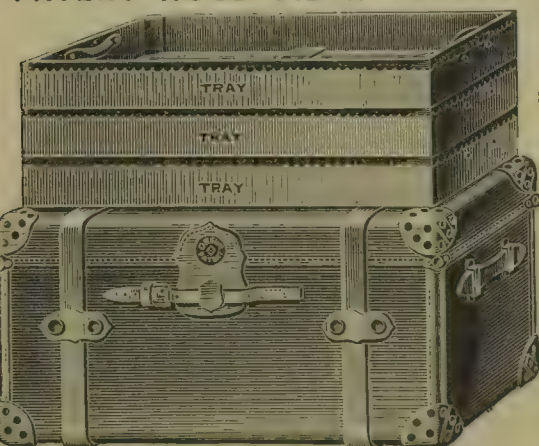


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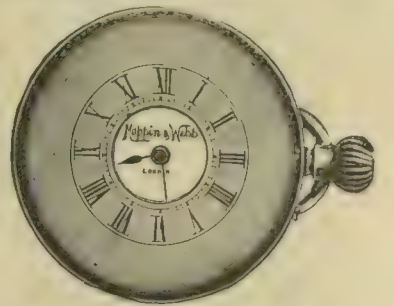
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Nov. 17, 1877), with two codicils (dated Oct. 20, 1885, and May 8, 1896), of Sir Isaac Holden, Bart., of Oakworth House, Keighley, Yorkshire, who died on Aug. 13 last, was proved at the Wakefield District Registry on Feb. 18 by Sir Angus Holden, Bart., M.P., the son, Alfred Illingworth, and Henry Holden Illingworth, the executors. The value of the personal estate has been sworn at £315,883 gross and £251,059 net, and the net estate in the United Kingdom and abroad on which estate duty is payable has been sworn at £1,322,273. The testator gives £100 per annum between Margaret and Jessie Love, the sisters of his first wife; and £200 per annum to his brother, George Holden, for life. All his real and the residue of his personal estate he leaves between his four children, but the shares of his daughters, Mary Illingworth and Margaret Illingworth, are to be double those of his sons, Angus and Edward Holden.

The will (dated July 6, 1892), with a codicil (dated July 13, 1893), of the Hon. Emmeline Rosabella Canning, of 50, Belgrave Road, who died on Feb. 9 at Horsham, was proved on Feb. 26 by James Powell, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate being £91,551. The testatrix bequeaths £1000 to Mrs. Armstrong; £1000, upon trust, for her aunt Flora Bonham for life, and then for her cousin, Mrs. Rosabella Harriet Louise Lyon; £1000, upon trust, for her nurse, Mary Cannon, during her life, and then to her maid, Anne Sophia Butcher; £3000 to her said maid; £500 to Mary Macauland; £10,000, upon trust, for William Hamilton Ash for life, and then to follow the trusts of her residuary estate; the income of £1000 and

£500 for the purchase of an annuity to the said William Hamilton Ash; £3200, part of the funds of the marriage settlement of her father, to her brother the Hon. Albert Canning; £100 each to the Anti-Vivisection Society and the Society for the Relief of Distressed Irish Ladies; and numerous legacies and specific gifts of jewels and pictures to her friends. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves, upon trust, to pay the income thereof to her brother Albert during his life, and then to her cousin Rosabella Harriet Louise Lyon and her children.

The will (dated Jan. 9, 1894), with a codicil (dated Aug. 20, 1897), of Mr. Henry William Freeman, J.P., F.R.C.S., of 24, The Circus, Bath, who died on Nov. 28, was proved on Feb. 25 by David Hale and John Haviland Cooper, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £79,550. The testator bequeaths £1000 to the Bideford Infirmary, Bideford; £1000 to the Middlesex Hospital for an Obstetric Scholarship; £1000 each to Mrs. Connolly, the wife of Admiral Connolly, Matthew William Kemble Connolly, and Harriet Brooke Connolly; £1000 to his housekeeper, Mrs. Ash, if in his employ at the time of his death; £16,000, upon trust, for his four nieces, the daughters of his brother John Thomas Freeman; £4000, upon trust, for his mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Freeman, for life, then to his sister-in-law, Mrs. J. T. Freeman, for her life, and then to his said four nieces; £500 each to his nurses, Miss Cruttwell and Miss Phillips, and legacies to servants. He gives £3000, his freehold house, 24, The Circus, with the furniture and effects therein, and the income of £15,000 to his wife, Mrs. Selina Freeman, and he requests her to give his surgical instruments and medical

library to the Royal United Hospital, Bath. At her decease the sum of £15,000 is to go to the said hospital for providing and keeping up a Convalescent Home for the patients and staff. He directs his executors to set aside such a sum as will produce £100 per annum, and to pay such income conditionally to his brother, John Thomas Freeman; but should he die or fail to keep the conditions, then both the capital and income are to be paid to the Samaritan Fund of the Royal United Hospital. The residue of his property he leaves to his wife.

The will (dated Dec. 8, 1897) of Mr. Charles Worters, of Thoresby, Bromley Road, Shortlands, sugar-merchant, who died on Jan. 10, has been proved by John Hughman Worters, Charles Frederick Worters, and George Newman Worters, the sons and executors, the value of the personal estate being £53,356. The testator bequeaths £200, the use of his house and furniture, and the income of £21,000 and £3500 to his wife during her life; £3000 each to his sons John Hughman, Charles Frederick, and George Newman; £3000, upon trust, for his son Sidney Robert; £120 per annum each to his son Sidney Robert and his daughter Ethel Blanche, until Dec. 31, 1890, and legacies to servants. At the death of Mrs. Worters, his house is to be sold and the proceeds divided between his four sons, and the sum of £21,000 held, upon trust, for his daughters Marianne, Ada, Evelyn Rose, Lillian Mary, Ethel Blanche, Florence Margaret, and Edith Maud, for their respective lives, and then to their children. The residue of his property he leaves to his said daughters.

The will (dated Oct. 10, 1896) of Mr. John Coryton, sometime Judge of the Maritime Court, Calcutta, and



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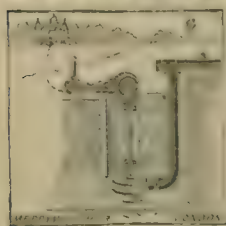
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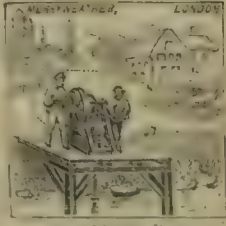
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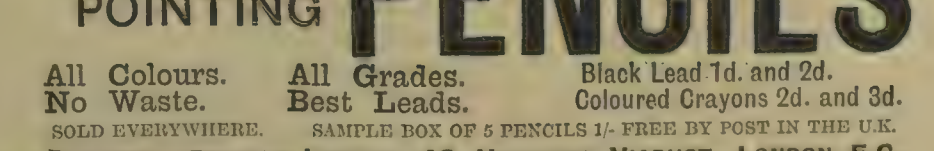
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Recorder of Rangoon and Moulmein, of 1, Essex Court, Temple, who died on Nov. 7, 1890, has been proved by George Henry Dorrell, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £44,781. The testator bequeaths £200 to his friend, John K. Macrae; £100 to George Henry Dorrell; £200 to Mrs. How, if she is still acting as his landress at time of his decease; £1000 to the Shipwrecked Fishermen and Mariners' Royal Benevolent Society; £100 each to the children (except the eldest, Richard) of his brother George Frederick Coryton, and £500 to his sister Eliza, the wife of Joseph Graham, Q.C. The residue of his property he leaves to his sister, Mrs. Adela Taylor, for her own use and benefit. By the will, Mrs. Taylor is requested to devise some plan whereby his collections might be given to and exhibited at some museum, and we now learn that the deceased's collection of Napoleonic medals and some of his curios, etc., have been accepted by the British Museum, and that the bulk of his collection of coins, curios, and articles of vertu has been accepted by the Committee of Public Libraries and Museums for the Vestry of Camberwell for permanent exhibition, and will shortly be exhibited to the public at the Camberwell School of Arts and Crafts, Peckham Road, S.E.

The will (dated Jan. 3, 1895), with two codicils (dated June 11, 1895, and June 16, 1896), of Sir John Smith, of Park Field, Derby, who died on Dec. 10, was proved in the Derby District Registry on Feb. 23 by Unwin Sowter and William Naylor, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £32,472. The testator gives £200 to

the Derbyshire Royal General Infirmary; the silver tea-service presented to him by the inhabitants of Derby; the policies of insurance on his life, and his household furniture and effects to his wife, Sarah Sophia Lady Smith; £400 each to his executors; £1000 to his niece, Mary Jane Smith; his house, called Ash Cottage, and £500, to his wife's niece, Sarah Elizabeth Locke; the picture of himself to the Masonic Hall, Derby, and legacies to gardeners. He directs that all his Masonic jewels and clothing are to be sold, and the proceeds given to the three Masonic charities—namely, the Boys', the Girls', and the Old Age Matrons'. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife during her life. At her death certain presentation and other silver are to go to his relatives, and the ultimate residue of his property is to be divided, and one half thereof he gives to his wife's niece, Sarah Elizabeth Locke, and the other half between the children of his brother, Alfred Smith.

The will (dated Jan. 31, 1896) of Mr. Francis Turner Palgrave, of 15, Cranley Place, who died on Oct. 24, was proved on February 23 by the Rev. Rowland Vectis Barker and Mortimer Drewe Malleson, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £26,525. The testator bequeaths £200 each to his daughters Gwendolyn Florence Palgrave, Annora Georgina Palgrave, and Margaret Irene Palgrave; his furniture and household effects between all his children; his manuscripts and the copyright of his publications to his son Francis Milnes Temple Palgrave; and legacies to servants. He devises his property at Lyme, Dorset, to his son. The residue of his property he

leaves, as to one fifth, to his son absolutely; one fifth, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Cecil Ursula Duncan, and her issue; and the remaining three fifths are to follow the trusts of an indenture dated Jan. 30, 1896.

The Irish probate of the will (dated Aug. 26, 1888) of General Eyre Challoner Henry Massey, fourth Baron Clarina, of Elm Park, Clarina, Limerick, who died at 59, Albert Bridge Road, Battersea, on Dec. 16, granted to the Hon. Lionel Edward Butler Massey, the present Lord Clarina, late of the Scots Fusilier Guards, and the Hon. Richard William Frederick Barton Massey Mainwaring, M.P., the brothers, two of the surviving executors, was resealed in London on Feb. 25, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland being £23,866. The testator gives his furniture, plate, pictures, horses, carriages, and live and dead stock, £1000 Consols, £500 stock of the Great Northern, and £500 stock of the Great Southern and Western Railways of Ireland, and the balance of his account at the Provincial Bank of Ireland, to his successor as Lord Clarina; £200 to his niece Isabella Roche; £100 for the purchase of blankets and warm clothing for his workmen, their wives, and children at Elm Park, and his balance at Messrs. Cox and Co., and £1000 stock of the said railways between his brothers and sister, except such brother as shall succeed to the title. He appoints his brothers and sister his residuary legatees.

The will of Major-General Francis John Moberley, R.E., a prominent member of the London School Board, of 50, Sutherland Avenue, Maida Vale, who died on

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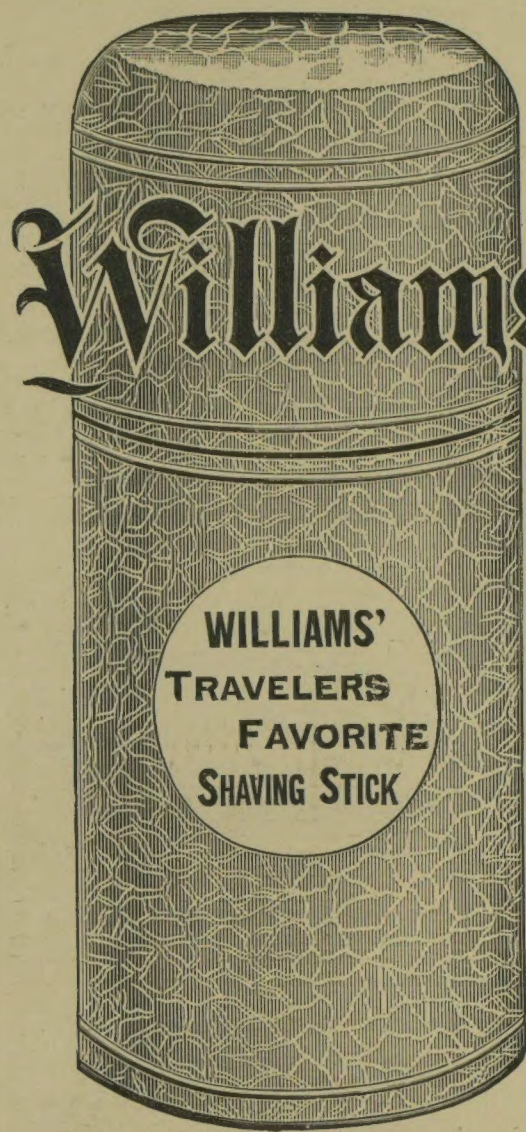


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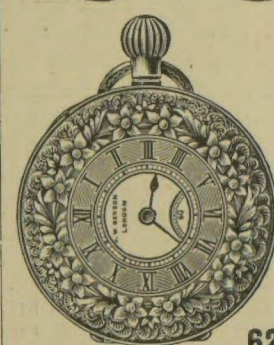
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FOR THE TEETH AND BREATH.

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Is partly composed of Honey, and Extracts from Sweet Herbs and Plants.

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Never Fails.
ESTAB. 23 YEARS.
Have you a Cough?
A DOSE WILL RELIEVE IT.
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Try it also for

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Jan. 26, was proved on Feb. 28 by Miss Ann Moberley, the daughter, one of the executrices, the value of the personal estate being £4952.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of the County of Edinburgh, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated March 10, 1896) of Mr. Thomas Brewis, of 33, Howard Place, Edinburgh, and formerly of Eshott Hall, Felton, Northumberland, who died on Jan. 10, granted to John Brewis and Nathaniel Thomas Brewis, the sons, Miss Jane Eleanor Brewis, the daughter, and John James Galletly, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on Feb. 23, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £5415.

The will of the Hon. Charles Powys, of 85, St. George's Road, Pimlico, who died on Oct. 16, was proved on Feb. 28

by the Hon. Agnes Anne Powys, the widow and executrix, the value of the personal estate being £1210.

The will of Mr. Augustus Henry Lemonins, of Stoneleigh, Grassendale, near Liverpool, who died on Jan. 10, was proved on Feb. 19 by Miss Amy Ida Lemonins, the daughter, and Harold Dingwall Bateson, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £2952.

The will of Mr. Thomas John Dennis, J.P., of Bradford House, Barnstaple, and Croyde Georgeham, Devon, who died on Dec. 13, was proved on Feb. 25 by Mrs. Agnes Dennis, the widow and sole executrix, the value of the personal estate being £1357.

The enormous increase in the sale of tobacco, in one form or another, is certainly one of the signs of the times,

and implies a continuous growth of the army of smokers. The exact relationship between the law of supply and demand in the case of this particular commodity would form a very nice matter for debate by economists, but whatever point of view such sage individuals may profess on the subject, the connection between an increase of smokers and the manufacture of remarkably good cigars and cigarettes at ever cheaper prices is not far to seek. Such a bargain as Ogden's "Guinea Gold" Virginian Cigarettes, ten in a box, for threepence, is typical of this increase. These cigarettes are remarkably pure to the taste, and have a fragrance not always associated with their more costly rivals. They are good enough to hold their own, as they certainly seem to do, without their appeal to the patriotic smoker as "British Made by British Labour" (vide each box).

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DR. J. COLLIS BROWNE'S CHLORODYNE.—The Right Hon. Earl Russell communicated to the College of Physicians and J. T. Davenport that he had received information to the effect that the only remedy of any service in cholera was Chlorodyne.—See "Lancet," Dec. 31, 1883.

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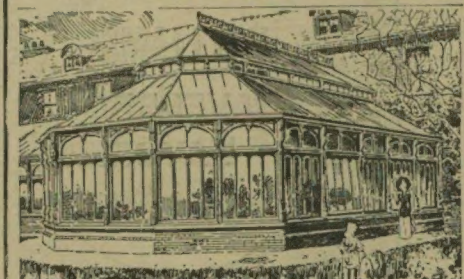
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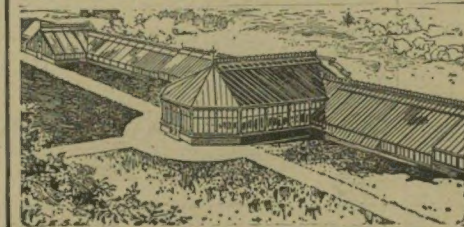
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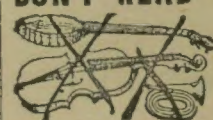
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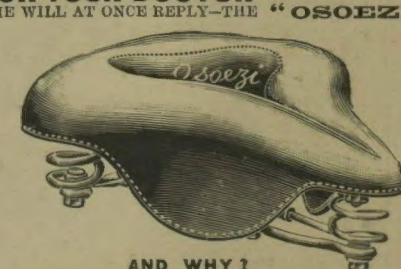
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